





## SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

A cordial invitation is extended to strangers who belong to any of these organizations to visit meetings when in town.

**OXFORD LODGE, F. & A. M. No. 18,** meets in Masonic Hall, Friday evening, on or before full moon. Chas. P. Barnes, W. M.; Howard D. Smith, Secretary.

**OXFORD ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER, No. 29,** meets in Masonic Hall, Wednesday evening, on or before full moon. Albert J. Stearns, H. P.; Geo. E. Tubbs, Secretary.

**OXFORD LODGE, No. 1, Ark Mariners,** meets in Masonic Hall, Wednesday evening, on or before full moon. Thaddeus Cross, Ven. Pat.; Merton L. Kimball, Secretary.

**NORWAY LODGE, No. 16, I. O. O. F.,** meets in their hall every Tuesday evening. C. V. Webber, N. G.; Chas. S. Akers, Secy.

**WILDEY ENCAMPMENT, No. 21, I. O. O. F.,** meets in their hall the second and fourth Friday evenings of each month. Simon Harriman, C. P.; Chas. S. Akers, Scribe.

**MR. ROSS REBEKAH LODGE, No. 58, I. O. O. F.,** meets in Odd Fellows' Hall the first and third Friday evenings of each month. Emma Cullinan, N. G.; Eva M. Kimball, Secy.

**FRANCISSEWASSETT LODGE, No. 18, I. O. O. F.,** meets in their hall, Hathaway Block, every Thursday evening. Alvin H. Allen, C. G.; M. L. Kimball, Secy.

**LAKE ASSEMBLY, No. 23, P. S.,** meets in Pythian Hall the second and fourth Wednesday evenings of each month. E. A. R. Hall, C. G.; A. L. Cook, K. of R. & S.

**LAKESIDE LODGE, No. 171, N. E. O. F.,** meets in A. R. Hall, on the first and third Wednesday evenings of each month. Mrs. W. E. Perkins, warden; Ada A. Libby, secretary.

**HANCOCK LODGE, No. 24, K. E. S.,** meets in A. R. Hall, on the first Tuesday evening in each month. C. Richardson, C. P.; E. A. R. Hall, Young Adjutant; E. A. R. Hall, Secy.

**HARRY RUST, W. R. C. No. 45,** meets in A. R. Hall, first and third Monday evenings of each month. Phila Shedd, Treas.; Clara I. Jordan, Secy.

**OXFORD CASTLE, No. 2, K. G. K.,** meets in Pythian Hall, every Thursday evening, 8:00 to 10:00 P. M., first and third Thursday evenings, May 1 to Sept. 1. J. C. Shepard, N. G.; H. L. Plummer, M. of L.

**NORWAY SAVINGS BANK,** HAS SECURED NORWAY, ME. Money loaned on good security at reasonable rates.

**A. S. KIMBALL, Pres., GEORGE E. TUBBS, Treas.**

**HOLT & BARNES, Counsellors at Law,** Hathaway Block, Norway, Me.

**A. S. KIMBALL & N. L. KIMBALL, KIMBALL & SON, Attorneys at Law,** Grange Block, Norway, Me.

**WILLIAM F. JONES, Attorney at Law,** Grange Block, Norway, Me.

**Drs. Drake & Hayden, DENTISTS,** Over Stone's Drug Store, NORWAY, ME. Office Hours, 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

**DR. H. P. JONES, DENTIST,** Beal Block, 5th NORWAY, ME.

**A. J. STEARNS, Attorney at Law,** Office Over Freehold Howe's Insurance Office, NORWAY, MAINE.

**EDWARD E. HASTINGS, Counselor and Attorney at Law,** Fryeburg, Oxford County, Maine.

**CHARLES C. WARREN, Attorney at Law,** Fryeburg, Me.

**DR. ANNETTE BENNETT,** Norway, Maine.

**HOUSE PAINTING, Paper Hanging and Whitening** Done as it should be. Call on or address

**E. L. KIDDER** Whitman, St. Norway, Maine. 131f

**S. RICHARDS, OPTICIAN.** Graduate Philadelphia Optical College. SOUTH PARIS, ME.

**WANTED.** Peeled Pulp Wood, Spruce, Fir, Hemlock and Poplar, delivered on cars at any R. R. Station from Pownal to Bethel, the coming year.

**E. W. PENLEY, West Paris, 141f**

**STEAM AND HOT WATER Heating Apparatus** Frozen water pipes thawed out. Burst pipes repaired.

**L. M. LONGLEY, Norway.**

**TEACHERS' EXAMINATION.** All persons desiring to teach in the town of Waterford during the present year, will present themselves for examination at the Schoolhouse at Waterford Flat, on Saturday, April 22, at 10 p. m.

**LOUISE M. BROWN, 14-16** Superintendent of Schools.

**J. WALDO NASH, LICENSED TAXIDERMIST.** Masonic Block, - - Cottage St. Telephone, 122-11

**A. W. GROVER, Bethel, Me.** Undertaker and Embalmer Pension Attorney Coroner

**Local Telephone in home, 2nd floor**

**WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENT** cards or printed in the correct style at reasonable prices at this office. Call and examine.

## Written for the Advertiser.

## The Peaceable Man.

Nobody sings of the peaceable man, Toiling and doing the best that he can, Pretty good fellow the neighbors all say, Ready to smile on the children at play, Doing his duty without laying claim, To special rewards, as to fortune or fame, Helping the needy to save or to plan, Nobody sings of the peaceable man.

A song for the day who goes to the fray, And strives to shoot Russians who stand in the way, A song for the monarch who sits on the throne, And seeks to add other men's lands to his own, A song to the magnate, the prince or the duke, Who leaves to his small struggling rival no chance.

Here's a rousing refrain to the strenuous clan, But nobody sings of the peaceable man.

HATTIE A. SMALL, Norway, Me.

## SOUTH ALBANY.

## A Beautiful Sight.

Mrs. Henry Sawin shows me a bunch of twigs broken from plum, maple, birch and apple trees, which she has had in the house for several weeks. The plum branch was white with blossoms and the maple blossoms were past their beauty and there were leaves as large as a silver dollar, and the birch was in full tag and the apple buds were swelling fast. It was a pretty sight.

W. S. Sloan of Norway visited at P. P. Dresser's last Sunday.

Frank Murdock of Norway was at Merritt Sawin's last Wednesday.

Mrs. Nellie Flint of Albany called at Merritt Sawin's last Tuesday.

Lewis Sawin and son Holden of Waterford were at Merritt Sawin's last week.

J. W. Dresser and family of North Waterford spent last Sunday at his father's, P. P. Dresser's.

Bert Bird is boiling sap this week for his brother, Will Bird, while he is away delivering nursery stock.

Mrs. Walter Lord and two children recently spent a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Bickford, at East Stoneham.

D. A. Cummings, A. G. Bean and Chesley Fernald met and appraised the farm and personal property of the estate of the late E. French last Tuesday.

## EAST STONEHAM.

Flossie Stearns has had a bad cold. S. A. Stearns is making meat carts.

George Spears is able to be out again. Mrs. C. L. Stearns is papering her chamber.

Mildred Stearns has had a very bad cold but is better.

Mrs. Fay S. Lord visited her mother one day last week.

Y. H. Littlefield is doing very nice business in his mill.

Mrs. H. A. Bickford has some lovely house plants this spring, also Mrs. Amos McAllister.

Gerald McAllister is driving V. H. Littlefield's steers. He does very well for a little fellow.

James B. Merrill did a very nice job of painting on Fred L. McKen's and Otis Gilman's meat carts.

We had quite little snow storms last Friday and Monday but did not last long after the sun came up next morning.

Dora McAllister and Mrs. Fred J. McKen visited Minnie McKen of Albany one day last week. They went on their bicycles.

Dustin McAllister went to Norway, Friday.

Isiah McAllister planted his early potatoes, April 14.

Frank McAllister found a mayflower in full bloom, April 15.

Mrs. Frank McAllister and daughter Marion went to Lovell, Sunday, to visit her grandmother, Mrs. Sally Whitehouse, a very aged lady.

Errol Barker, a little grandson of Frank McAllister, lugged his sap to the arch, a distance of a quarter of a mile, tended his fire and made three quarts of very nice syrup. He is only 8 years old and lame.

Many children are troubled with worms, but are treated for something else. A valuable remedy will be given to children, which should be in the hands of every mother, will be sent free to any address on request to Dr. J. F. True & Co., Auburn, Me.

**PIANOS.** I am representing the finest line of Pianos ever exhibited in New England. I will make my headquarters at the Andrews House, South Paris, from April 24th until further notice. I will have a large list of bargains in new and second hand Pianos and Organs. I sell for cash or easy payments, taking old instruments in exchange.

I enclose the latest and, by far, the best Piano Player on the market. The possibilities of this Player are unlimited. A special card will bring you catalogues with any information you may desire. See me before you buy, as my prices are the lowest ever offered.

**LOY S. EYSTER,** South Paris, Maine, or 211 Tremont St., Boston, Mass. 1f

**Arthur Miller BLACKSMITH AND HORSESHOER** Who formerly run the Cummings Blacksmith Shop on Water Street (but who was forced to vacate) has opened the Bassett Blacksmith Shop, head of Main Street, where he hopes to retain all his old patrons and gain many new ones.

**FIRST CLASS WORK DONE**

**ACCIDENT INSURANCE** The only sure plan is a policy

**C. E. TOLMAN & CO.** South Paris, Maine.

**HOUSE PAINT.** NO matter how much a gallon you pay for your house paint you cannot buy any that is as cheap in the end as "Red Seal" Pure White Lead. This is easily proven.

**Sold by all Reputable Dealers.**

## RUMFORD FALLS.

Mae Newton is visiting in Wilton. Bucksinn Sam was in town last week. Marcella Coburn has been sick with the grip.

L. C. Blaisdell is visiting at East Auburn.

Nelson Busbly is visiting in New Haven, Conn.

Jackson Holmes and family have moved to South Paris.

Mrs. Mary Sessions has returned from a visit to South Paris.

Florence Mason will go to California about May 1, to locate.

A substantial addition of books has been given the library by a friend.

Elisba Pratt is making additions to his residence on Franklin Street.

Mrs. P. B. Barrows and Mrs. A. H. Williamson are visiting in Augusta.

John Holland is building a store near the new mill at the head of the Falls.

Frank Lawson of Vermont is a guest of his mother, Mrs. W. E. Humphrey's.

E. S. Swift and wife are guests of their daughter, Mrs. Orrington Berry in Dryden.

Jesse Butler, who has been employed by R. F. Kendall, has gone to Salem, Mass.

Wm. Warehouse has entered the employ of the W. L. White Co. as bookkeeper.

Hon. Waldo Pettengill and wife attended the Methodist conference in Gardiner.

Robley Morrison substituted as letter carrier last week for John Hadley who was sick.

Pennacott Lodge, I. O. O. F., worked the second degree on eleven candidates last week.

J. W. Green and wife, of Coplin, visited their daughter, Mrs. W. Hutchins, here, last week.

No service at the Methodist church last Sunday, as the pastor was attending conference at Gardiner.

Mrs. Anna Jones of South Bend, Ind., who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. John Dodd, has returned home.

Samuel Turner, who has been employed as clerk in Hotel, Rumford, has resigned and gone to his home in Portland.

Strathglass Commandery K. T., attend divine service Easter afternoon, at Dixfield. Rev. Stanford Mitchell will deliver a sermon.

Last Thursday afternoon a black horse belonging to John Willard was accompanying Congress street going across the vacant lots and bringing up in the river.

The Continental Paper Bag Co. are to immediately start an envelope manufactory in the old woolen mill. The Maine Publishing Co. will move into a building near the freight shed.

The Mexico Congregational church has extended a call to Rev. J. G. Fisher, of Dexter. The church suffers the loss of the senior deacon, W. N. Hodgdon, who was in the Afghan campaign.

Wednesday afternoon, Roy Paulson was run over by a team, while playing in the street in Strathglass park. His head was cut in several places; one leg was badly injured, and collar bone broken.

Wm. Sinclair, of London, has presented to Clan Chisholm, of which he is an honorary member, a genuine Highlanders Claymore. The sword belonged to a member of the 92nd or Gordon Highland, who was in the Afghan campaign.

Do not miss the Egyptian war. The following testimonial, from a mother, is only one of the many we are daily receiving from all parts of the country:

Union, Me., March 27, 1905. Dr. J. F. True, Auburn, Me.

Dear Sir:—Enclosed you will find 25 cents for one box of Worm Wafers. My youngest son shows symptoms of having worms and I know that your medicine will give him prompt relief. My oldest son, Capt. William Cookson, of the U. S. Army, was a boy sickly and in poor health. We gave him your Elixir and he grew and thrived on it. We believe it saved his life. Yours respectfully, Mrs. John Cookson.

Many children are troubled with worms, but are treated for something else. A valuable remedy will be given to children, which should be in the hands of every mother, will be sent free to any address on request to Dr. J. F. True & Co., Auburn, Me.

**Wasp Not Down.** Senator Frye is a hunter, an angler and a naturalist. He is the Cleveland Leader. All his life he has been fond of the woods and of wild creatures. He was born in Maine, in the town of Lewiston, and a Lewiston man said of him recently, "My father in his childhood played with the child Frye, and I have heard him tell him his little friend would go out into the field and take up fearlessly in his hands beetles and spiders and all manner of fearsome bugs. One day he took up a wasp. He was very small, you see, and ignorant of wasps' nature, so he took this wasp up in his hand, and, of course, it stung him. Instantly he dropped it, and set off homeward in an agony of pain and weariness. My father ran along with him, making sympathetic murmurs. Young Frye said, as he wrung the hand that had been wounded: "First it walked about all over my hand, and it was so nice about it. But oh—when it sat down!"

Called Up in the Night for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. "We consider Chamberlain's Cough Remedy the best we sell," write J. L. True & Son of West Epping, N. H. "We have customers who think there is nothing like it for a cough. A few nights ago a man called us up at 2:30 a. m. to go to our store and get him a bottle of this remedy as his little girl had the cough. He knew it would cure her for he had tried many times before." This remedy is for sale by Noyes Drug Store, Norway; Shurtlett's, South and West Paris, 19

## Fashions and Fabrics.

The season's fashions announce themselves in an attractive array of dress fabrics, in a variety of fashionable weaves, affording a wide range of choice.

Mohairs are more used than ever in a great variety of plain and fancy weaves. The gray mohairs are especially attractive.

The newest woollens we note but one which has a raised spot like a button here and there over the surface.

Fancy goods of the crepe effects hold a favored place, and a fine new material called "Marquisette," is admitted for evening gowns. The broadened and delicately patterned fabrics for dressy costumes.

An up-to-date outfit must include a tailored suit and the soft woollens, novelty goods and broadcloths are favored by many, while the Priestley weaves are eminently desirable in both the lighter and heavier grades, fashioning most attractive and serviceable costumes.

Indications point to this as a phenomenal silk year, and varied are the weaves displayed in tempting styles and colorings.

The lovely Messaline is a much admired silk; Louiseine is also exceedingly beautiful, rich and lustrous, and the Moneyback black silks of soft clinging texture, beautiful in shade and sheen, are well adapted to the mode of voluminous skirts and the puffed and shirred effects.

The Liberty satin and Shantung are shown marked favor, lending themselves to the latest styles in dressmaking. Trimmings are elaborate in embroidery, ribbons, lace and braids; and artistically wrought into beautiful "ribbon embroidery" used on sheer fabrics and soft silks.

The prominent feature of the season's skirts is fullness. They are cut in varied styles, walking skirts in a seven gore model have a fan-shaped piece inserted in the opening of each gore to furnish necessary width. There are several styles in fashionable skirts, such as the circular, gored flare and umbrella styles, and circular ruffles increase the flare at the lower edge. The Sebastia-skirts show desirable and chic effects in graceful lines, correct and even flare and are perfectly shaped, insuring increased favor and popularity.

In gloves we find Mocha popular for general wear and Suedes for dress occasions. The Reynier stands for style and elegance and is extensively popular.

**COUSIN ALICE.**

The trees to their innermost marrow Are touched by the sun; The robins here, and the sparrow; Spring is begun!

The sleep and the silence are over, Are the eyelids of earth that uncover Her numberless eyes.

**A Hunting Trip.**

My promise to remain absolutely quiet and do exactly as I was bidden, won for my father, a friend and a typical hunting guide of the north country on a deer hunt up the famed Magalloway river.

The guide assured my father that the ideal deer hunt not only took place upon the deer but in the early morning or late evening, and in most cases, who started it, the sportsman preferred a canoe and "jack" lantern. Naturally we assented and the appointed night and hour found us dressed in hunting garb with the usual array of guns, knives and cartridges of various sizes.

The canoe was a slight, graceful little structure almost too delicate for its burden. Stowing away aforesaid luggage we seated ourselves exactly as our guide directed, "once for all" as he said, for we must needs remain motionless throughout the expedition, and there was likely to be exciting sport at once.

In the tiny prow my father lay flat upon his stomach, his trusty "Winchester" aimlessly pointed into the darkness like a somber sentinel. As yet our only prospect was an unusually dark night, so dark in fact, that our unmasked "jack" lanterns, which were pointed at the quickly lapping waters of the far famed Magalloway before us.

Metaphors the wild pounding of my heart could be heard far into the forests on either side of the river. The stillness at length became unbearable, and I believe I should have cried out in the very second of my excitement, had I not summoned every particle of will power I possessed. I had pronounced symptoms of "buck fever." I wondered too, what would be the state of conflicting emotions in my apparently calm and unflinching companion, I could not believe they remained unmoved by the surrounding conditions; but I was young, and decided that that fact alone might account for my strange and not altogether pleasant condition.

Although I was so excited that time could not pass monotonously, it seemed of interminable length before the actual climax was reached. The guide was famous, and his manner of propelling the canoe was a masterpiece of skill. It was a perfect masterpiece of skill. "Feather paddle," as it is familiarly known, was frolic to him, and with seeming ease he propelled the craft up the stream with great rapidity, not once without making a dash for the water.

The stroke consists of dipping the paddle to a depth of possibly six inches to a foot, pulling a short, powerful stroke at this depth, then bringing the paddle to very nearly the surface of the water, turning or "feathering" it for a short distance and then repeating the first movement. It is very difficult but when once acquired one is able to paddle a canoe with rapidity and ease, thereby avoiding the tail end dripping of water from the paddle. A canoe approaching cannot be heard at distance of six feet away.

At length our tired patience was rewarded. We were skirting the tall grass along the shore, avoiding contact, lest we disturb the stillness, when that serious snort which is characteristic of a large buck, a cross between a blow and a whistle. It tended largely to bring us to a realizing state of consciousness. Two magnificent eyes gazed in the darkness. This is the supreme moment when the novice is seized with "buck fever" and is struck dumb and motionless. Not so with my father. The great buck was motionless too. Fascinated by the light, he forgot his own safety.

Mrs. Sarah Hinds of Livermore died Friday. She had been sick with pneumonia, and was an aged lady of seventy-eight years. She was a native of Hartford.

## To Prevent Forest Fires.

Instructions Given by Forest Commissioners. Ring to Fire Wardens.

Hon. Edgar F. Ring, forest commissioner, is sending out copies of the forestry laws, relating to the prevention, control and extinguishment of forest fires in plantations and unorganized townships.

Included in the work are instructions to fire wardens, which contain much valuable advice, not only in the handling of and prevention of fires in the larger forests, but in those nearer home. The text of the instructions is as follows:

An important part of practical forestry is the prevention of fire. This cannot be accomplished successfully without a well organized force, in which the duties of each individual are well defined and clearly understood. To this end the following instructions should receive careful attention.

It is the duty of the chief fire warden to see that the district fire wardens are fully supplied with printed notices containing the rules and regulations relating to the prevention of forest fires. Early in the season fire notices are sent to all wardens but more can be obtained at any time by writing to the forest commissioner. The district fire wardens should see that their respective districts are properly posted with these notices, putting them upon trees along each forest trail and locations frequented by fishing and hunting parties.

During the dry seasons when fires are most likely to occur, especially in spring before the trees are in leaf, the chief fire wardens and their deputies should keep a sharp lookout for any sign of fire, and have everything in readiness so that when the smoke is seen there will be no unnecessary delay in reaching the spot.

Fishermen, hunters and campers should always be cautioned whenever the opportunity offers to be careful in the use of fires; to refrain from throwing lighted matches on the ground; and especially to extinguish their camp fires completely before leaving them.

No instructions seem necessary here as to how the work at a forest fire should be conducted, for it is assumed that each fire warden has had ample experience in this respect. At the same time it may be well to remind each one that backsliding should not be resorted to until its necessity is plainly evident; and even then, the entire situation should be carefully examined and well understood.

It should be remembered, also, that in controlling a woodland fire, one hour's work in the early morning or late evening is worth six in the middle of the day. For this reason, if a fire is not extinguished at evening, the men should stay on the ground all night, and the fire wardens should make arrangements to send in food and blankets to the party.

If the men are allowed to leave a fire at evening and go back to their homes much valuable time is lost.

Special pains should be taken to ascertain the cause of the fire, and the persons or persons who started it. Too many reports are received in which the printed question as to the origin of the fire is answered with the words, "Cause unknown." If attended to promptly, there should be little trouble in ascertaining the point at which the fire started, and, in most cases, who started it. The facts should then be written out fully in the report, no matter whom it may concern. Each fire warden should discharge his duty fearlessly in this respect, without fear or favor. If the fire warden is unable to report definitely as to who the guilty parties were and their connection with it, he is at liberty to give his opinion as to the cause and who were to blame in the matter.

In addition to answering fully the printed questions in the report, the fire warden should furnish such further information as may not be conveyed in the preceding answers and should take pains to include also everything that might relate directly or indirectly to the matter.

After a fire occurs the chief fire warden should as soon as possible make the report of the same to the forest commissioner, using the printed form furnished for the purpose. Before sending the report he should make an examination of the burned area, so that he may be able to state approximately the number of acres burnt over, the extent of the damages, the amount and kind of timber destroyed.

## NORTH LOVELL.

Edgar McAllister went to Lewiston and back Saturday.

Mrs. Melba Butters was at East Stoneham several days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip McAllister visited his sister, Sadie McAllister last week.

Henry Rosenbloom, the dry goods peddler, was at Marshall Evans, over Sunday.

The Grangers had a box supper last Wednesday night. It was a success socially and financially.

Marguerite McKen and Gustav Walker of Fryeburg have been visiting at Marshall Evans' and Benjamin McKen's the past week.

**If a Cow gave Butter**

mankind would have to invent milk. Milk is Nature's emulsion—butter put in shape for digestion. Cod liver oil is extremely nourishing, but it has to be emulsified before we can digest it.

**Scott's Emulsion** combines the best oil with the valuable hypophosphites so that it is easy to digest and does far more good than the oil alone could. That makes Scott's Emulsion the most strengthening, nourishing food—medicine in the world.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409-415 Pearl Street, New York

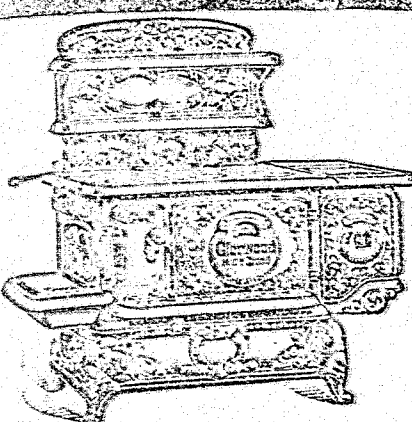
50c. and \$1.00. All druggists

## Whooping Cough.

The quick relief afforded by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in cases of whooping cough, makes it a favorite with mothers of small children. It quiets the tough mucus, making it easier to expectorate, keeps the lungs moist and counteracts any



# There's One Range That's Always Good



## Glenwood

"Makes Cooking Easy"

Your Old Range taken in Exchange

W. C. LEAVITT, NORWAY.

How about your Furniture and Mattresses? Are they all right for the coming summer? If not, you better call and have them fixed up in proper shape. Upholstering goods always on hand.

**Maker of Rattan Furniture.**  
A good assortment of clothes, office and other Baskets.  
Clothes Dryers, Ironing Boards, Stair ladders.  
Picture Frames made to order.

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MAIN STREET, NORWAY

**VIVIAN W. HILLS**  
Jeweler and Graduate Optician

Silverware, Jewelry, Clocks, Watches, Diamonds, Rings, Chains, Charms, Fountain Pens, Pencils, Novelties, Cameras and Edison Phonographs  
Opera House Block, Norway, Me.

**F. A. McDANIELS**  
23 Beal St., Norway, Me.

**Pianos and Organs**  
Apollo Piano Player  
Cash or Installment Plan

**J. F. BOLSTER**

Commenced work in his Marble and Granite Shop on Lynn Street last week. Anyone wanting work done before Memorial please call on or address

**J. F. BOLSTER,**  
Norway, Me.

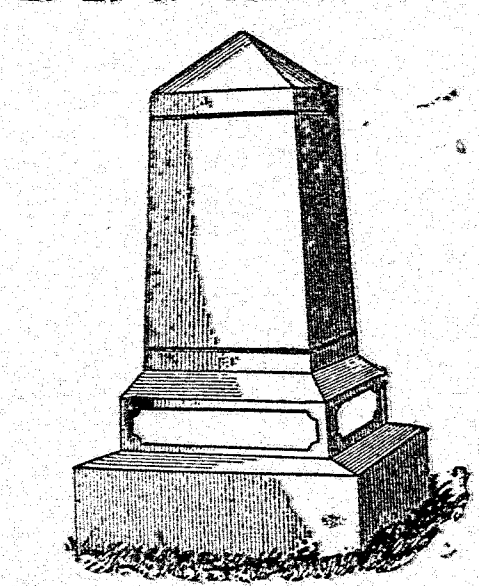
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Wind and Storm have no terrors for the man who has a roof of PAROID

S. P. Maxim & Son, Agts.  
South Paris, Me.

Headquarters for Doors, Windows, Blinds, Mouldings, Builders' Finish, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Etc.

**E. E. WHITNEY & CO.**



**BETHEL, MAINE.**  
Marble and Granite Workers  
First-Class Workmanship. Letters of Inquiry Promptly Answered. See Our Work. Get Our Prices. Satisfaction Guaranteed.  
**E. E. Whitney & Co.**

## SUITABLE SUITS

FOR PARTICULAR DRESSERS

R. S. & W. Suits please particular dressers, because they fit best, wear best and are up to date in style. Made by an old New England firm, with years of experience in supplying the needs of particular dressers.

R. S. & W. coat fronts are built with the finest nonbreakable hair cloth, the shoulders with the best of felts. This insures that the coat fronts will not break and will retain that distinctive appearance which has made R. S. & W. suits the favorite of the best dressers. We're offering a fine assortment of styles in the latest spring fabrics, such as novelty cassimere suitings, novelty Scotch cheviot suitings, blue serge, steel worsteds, novelty worsteds, etc.

Having bought before the recent advance in woollens, we are in a position to sell at low prices. Suits \$6, \$7.50, \$8.50, \$9, \$10, \$12, \$14 and \$15.

No matter what price you decide to pay you are sure of getting the best values for your money in R. S. & W. suits. Call and see for yourself.

**N. M. SMALL & SON**  
WEST PARIS, ME.

## DROP A LINE

Fishing Tackle has the call now. We are ready for your demands with our large and complete lines of Poles and Jointed Rods, Linen and Silk Lines, Reels, Bass and Trout Flies, Phantom Minnows, Spinners, Spoons, and Artificial Bait, Hooks, Sinkers, Nets, etc.

**BASE BALL GOODS**

Agency for Norway of the A. S. Spalding Base Ball Goods, and we have in a complete line, Bats, Balls, Gloves, Mitts, the Guide, Score Books, etc. We also have Reach's Base Ball Goods.

**All Kinds of Sporting Goods, for All**

**Kinds of Sports.**

**F. P. STONE, Druggist,**

143 Main St. Norway, Maine

## THE WINSLOW CHOP TEA,

FREE OF CHARGE

Choicest blended Formosa Oolong Tea, is just a little better than any Tea you ever drank. To prove it, we would be very pleased to send you, Free of Charge, a sample package, enough for two trials. Write today, giving your grocer's name.

**Winslow, Rand & Watson**  
Boston, Mass.

## \$2.00 PER PAIR.

Patent applied for, Oil Grain, seamless, never rip, hand nailed, work shoes.

Made from the best Milwaukee Oil Grain. Made with solid leather soles and heels. Made with counters that will out wear the shoes. Made without any vamp seam, which does away with the ripping of stitches. Sold by the leading dealers in Oxford County.

You should wear our seamless work shoes for they will save you lots of trouble. Made only by the

**PINE STATE SHOE CO.**  
NORWAY, ME.

**F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO.**

**BASE BALL GOODS**

We are ready for the Base Ball season with a complete line of Spalding, Victor and other leading makes of

Balls - 5c to \$1.25  
Bats - 5c to 1.00  
Mitts - 10c to 4.00  
Gloves - 25c to 3.00

Catchers Masks, Heel and Toe Plates, Score Books, etc., etc. We can supply whatever you need.

**F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO.,**  
2 Stores { SOUTH PARIS } Maine  
{ WEST PARIS }

**F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO.**

### KEZAR FALLS.

Present of a Bell.  
G. W. Towle has presented the school-house on the Porter side of the river with a fine bell, an article much appreciated by teachers and scholars. Now, if someone would donate a parsonage, provide and equip a parsonage, establish a reading room, place a clock in the church tower, assist the ladies with the church fence, and by way of an Easter offering provide the necessary plants and shrubs for the beautifying of the enclosed ground, the needs of the hour will be partially filled.

Mrs. Elias Garland is still very ill. A drive of logs is passing down river on the way to Saco.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Pearce started for Conference last Tuesday of last week.

Nellie Kezar left for Massachusetts the 5th, intending to make that state her future home.

Bertha M. Wormwood, who has been on the sick list the past two weeks, is convalescing.

Mrs. Fred French and her two little boys are the guests of Mrs. French's brother and sister, John and Emily Kidlon.

Nellie, wife of Frank Callomy, died Mar. 29, leaving an infant less than two weeks old, and two other young children, a boy and girl. The funeral was held from the house the following Sunday.

**Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.**

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surface, such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do to the system is incalculable. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price 75c per bottle. Take Halls Family Pills for constipation.

**WEST FRYEBURG.**

Bessey Farrington has recovered from her recent illness.

Mrs. A. F. Charles returned from Boston, to Ass Charles', Apr. 8.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Waldo McIntire were guests at H. D. E. Hutchins', Apr. 9.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Webster and family were guests at E. E. Walker's, on Sunday the 9th.

Richard Hutchins, who has been in Lowell, Mass., during the winter, has returned home.

Very little maple syrup will be made in this section this spring, compared with former years.

Nellie and George Webster, of East Conway, N. H., spent a few days with their aunt, Mrs. Elmer Walker, last week.

John Andrews, of the East Conway neighborhood, has returned from Wellesley Hills, Mass., much improved in health.

School in Dist. No. 8, commences April 17, with Abby Ballard, of Fryeburg, as teacher. She taught here last season, with good success.

Chas. Andrews has sold one of his span of horses to a man from Taunton, N. H., at a good price. Byron Hutchins has also exchanged one with Chester Eastman, of Chatham, N. H.

We are sorry to learn of the continued ill health of May Roberts, caused by too close application to study. She was to graduate from the academy this June, and also to have the salutatory.

Leon McIntire and Felix Chandler, of Kearsarge, N. H., were guests at F. L. Eastman's, Apr. 8. Mr. Chandler also visited at Mrs. Martha Frye's, at Fish Street, being a relative of Mrs. Frye's deceased husband.

**A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.**  
Itching, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Druggists refund money if PAIN OINTMENT fails to cure any case, no matter how long standing, in 60 days. If your druggist hasn't it send 50c in stamps and it will be forwarded post-paid by Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

**SOUTH RUMFORD.**

Ice went out at East Rumford, April 7. Mrs. George Elliott is having good success with her incubator.

Mattie Pratt from Paris has been visiting her brother, Willard Pratt.

Sam Thurston has commenced his summer work, running the ferry at Rumford Centre.

Helen Doughty has returned from Woodstock and Milton, where she has been visiting old friends.

Warren Adams from Rumford has been visiting his children, Mrs. Clara Fuller and Charles Adams.

George Jones is through working for his brother-in-law, Eugene Davis, and Mr. Davis has two new men on the milk route.

The R. F. D. carrier has not been over Hill Hill for three weeks as the drifts are not shoveled out so he can get through.

M. L. and W. A. Wyman sawed their wood last week by horse power. Wallis Clark helped them and Saturday, the 8th, they moved the power and saw down there and saved his wood, seven cords in three and a half hours.

The New England Telephone Co. have put cross arms on their telephone poles from the Falls to Zircon and added two wires so the Mt. Gliss mines will have an independent line. Until now the mines were connected with the South Rumford and Zircon line.

Mrs. Belle Jones has moved her furniture from the Hemingway House into Mrs. Akeley's house, where she and her son George will live this summer. Mrs. Jones intends going to Newton, Mass., the last of this week to visit her daughter, and George will keep "bachelor's hall" while she is away.

Scorfula, salt rheum, erysipelas and other distressing eruptive diseases yield quickly and permanently to the cleansing, purifying power of Burdock Blood Bitters.

**WEST DENMARK.**

Sam Spring of Brownfield called on friends here, recently.

Wm. Hazeltine and grandson Richard, went to Portland, one day recently.

Making cider out of frozen apples is the principal occupation in this locality at present.

Alfonso Hilton was through this section recently, looking for gentlemen's driving horses and matched pairs.

Mrs. Clifton Hazeltine is in Portland with her husband, who recently was operated on at the Maine General Hospital.

**TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.** 47c. Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

### BYRON.

Not to Establish a High School.  
A special town meeting was held the 5th, to see if the town would run a free high school the ensuing year. The town voted not to establish a high school owing to the small number of scholars who ready to enter on a high school course. An additional appropriation of \$25 was raised for school books.

Harry Bancroft of Lewiston was in town last week.

G. Thomas had had his chimney torn down and rebuilt the past week.

**NORTH BUCKFIELD.**

Gideon Hammond is failing.

Merton Warren's youngest child is very sick.

Lizzie Bonney is going to school at the lower village.

Vinton Keene has gone to Massachusetts to work.

Eugene Fuller and wife were at Isaac Fuller's recently.

Mrs. Amanda Fogg visited among her relatives at the village the 7th.

Mrs. Edie Jordan has moved home to her father's, Charles Dunham's.

Mrs. Ella Braden of East Sumner has lately visited Mrs. Celia Dunham.

E. F. Bicknell and wife of Norway were at J. F. Bicknell's Sunday recently.

Charles Rowe has hired Merritt Farrar's house for a year and has moved in. B. S. Reed and L. D. Fuller were at L. B. Reed's in Sumner last Sunday, also Ed Doble from West Sumner.

Norman Philbrick of Peabody, Mass., is visiting his grandfather, Augustus Spaulding and little brother Charlie.

The mud is all dried up on the street and the dust is flying, the men folks are getting the farming tools ready for business and the women folks are housecleaning.

**SOUTH WOODSTOCK.**

There are a lot of sick ones in the place.

Mrs. Julia Russell is sick, and sits up but very little.

Mrs. Etta Robbins has 90 chickens, Plymouth Rocks.

Mrs. Evie Lappin is keeping house for Chas. Fickett.

E. B. Davis and wife, and Ethie, are all sick with the grip.

Fred Reed has hired out to J. H. Davis & Son for the summer.

Horatio Hammond has hired out for the season to R. L. Cummings.

Mell Boobier and wife are visiting her mother, Mrs. Denham, at D. H. Curtis'.

Aunt Mary Noyes, who has been making her home with Francis Hammond, died Sunday morning, the 9th. She has been sick for a week with the grip. Funeral was Tuesday, at the house.

**A CARD.**

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent bottle of Greene's Warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25-cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded.

**FRANK KIMBALL, Norway.**  
45-18 J. H. Brooks, South Paris.

**NORTH WOODSTOCK.**

H. A. Sessions has moved to his farm in Milton.

Augustus Billings has not been as well the past week.

Helen Doughty has been helping Mrs. R. Farnum clean house.

Alton Bacon and Albert Russ are laying a hardwood floor for Asa Sessions.

Walter Russ of Bridgton spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Russ.

Lewis Farnum and Henry Billings are working for H. A. Sessions on the drive.

Mrs. Hatch, who has been stopping at David Harding's, returned to her home in Auburn, last week.

Bert Davis, W. S. and H. A. Sessions have started their drives and are now waiting for a rise of water.

There was a magic lantern and graphophone entertainment at Poplar school-house, Saturday night, the 9th.

The people in this vicinity who have tapped trees, report a good run of sap. George Brown has made 32 gallons up to date.

**Oxford Pomona Grange**

Time 1st Tuesday in May. Place, Oxford Grange, Oxford. Program: Opening Grange in 5th degree. Routine business. Conferring 5th degree. Women's half hour. Topic: The influence of flowers in the home. Opened by Sister Phillips of Oxford Grange.

Afternoon.

Entertainment of one-half hour. Oxford Grange in charge of Lecturer Song. Brother F. S. Pike, Hibern Grange Paper. Brother J. D. Howe of P. Noble Grange Music. Brother J. D. Howe of P. Noble Grange Reading. Brother J. D. Howe of P. Noble Grange Question. Resolved: That the profits of farming will not warrant the payment of thirty dollars a month and board for a hired man. All F. B. Andrews. Neg. W. W. Andrews. Music. Norway Grange.

**PHYSICIANS ADVISE**

Using BROWN'S INSTANT RELIEF

THE FAMILY MEDICINE

FOR STOMACH AND BOWEL TROUBLES.

Money Refunded if it fails when used as directed. All Dealers sell.

Prepared by the Norway Medicine Co., Norway, Me.

**SOUTH CONWAY, N. H.**

Quite a number are housecleaning, others are waiting for warmer weather.

One of the selectmen, Mr. Meserve, was lately in the place taking the inventory.

G. F. Cole has been in the place helping his brother Andrew do some of his work.

Charlie Atherton has been taking a well earned vacation. He visited friends in Maine a week.

Judge C. C. Cole, who lately died in Washington, used to teach a high school in this place in war time with his father.

J. F. Stott and F. H. Parson were called to Jackson lately to attend George Fickham's funeral, one of their brother Masses.

Mrs. William H. French is in Limington caring for her husband's brother Daniel's wife, who is very sick with little hopes of her recovery.

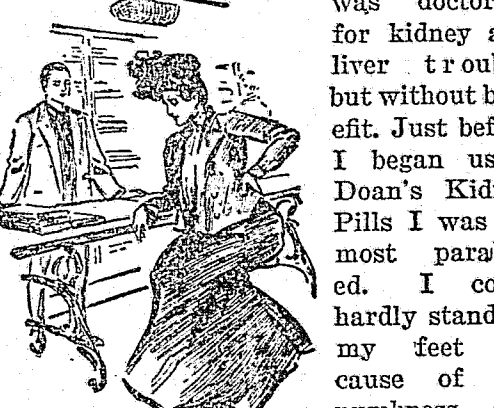
Miss A. L. Perry of Sweden commenced school in this district, the 10th. She boards at A. T. Cole's. All are glad to have her come back to teach again. She is a No. 1 teacher.

Andrew Cole has painted, papered and whitewashed his rooms upstairs and down stairs, besides putting a large pile of wood for the stove. He and wife are prepared among our smart ones.

## HAPPY WOMEN.

Wouldn't any woman be happy, After years of backache suffering, Days of misery, nights of unrest, The distress of urinary troubles, To find relief and cure? No reason why any reader Should suffer in the face of evidence like this:

Mrs. Almira A. Jackson, of East Front St., Travers City, Mich., says: "For twenty years I was doctoring for kidney and liver trouble, but without benefit. Just before I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I was almost paralyzed. I could hardly stand on my feet because of the numbness and lack of circulation. Had a knife been thrust into my kidneys the pain could not have been more intense. My sleep was disturbed by visions of distorted figures. The kidney secretions were annoyingly irregular, and I was tormented with thirst and always bloated. I used seven boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills. The bloating subsided until I weighed 100 pounds less, could sleep like a child and was relieved of the pain and the irregularity of the kidney action. My circulation is good and I feel better in every way."



A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Jackson will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists; price, 50 cents per box.

**H. L. RUSSELL**

(Successor to the James Pledge Market) Opposite Elm House, NORWAY, ME.

**MEATS & PROVISIONS**

Of All Kinds

A. T. Bennett will continue with Mr. Russell

**ORCHARD FARM FOR SALE.**

Three miles from West Paris, five from South Paris, 120 acres, well divided, wood, pasture and tillage. Between five and six hundred apple trees, seven or eight hundred cords wood, cuts 35 tons hay, good buildings, running water, cream route, rural mail and telephone lines, school 1/2 mile distant. Call on or address 14-10-10 E. F. BARROWS, West Paris, Maine.

**W. J. WHEELER & CO.**

**INSURANCE**

OF ALL KINDS.

Telephone 10-22, South Paris, Me.

W. J. WHEELER, South Paris.

M. A. BAKER, Norway.

**C. H. ADAMS**

**CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER**

Manufacturer of Door and Window Frames, Mouldings, Brackets, Sheathing, Turnings of all kinds, Sash work, Plumb & Band sawing.

Jobbing of all kinds

Norway, Me.

**DR. T. J. JUDKINS**

Veterinary Surgeon.

R. F. D. No. 1. High St. So. Paris, Me.

Curtis Hill and Paris Telephone, Division No. 2.

Telephone 24 High St.

Prompt attention 45-49-11

**DR. AUSTIN TENNEY,**

**OCULIST**

At the Elm House, Norway

Thursday, April 20th and first

Thursday of each following

month.

Office hours 10.30 a. m. to 4 p. m. Eyes examined free.

## HOUSEKEEPER

WANTED

Any time after May 1st.

Permanent job,

Good pay.

**Wm. C. LEAVITT,**

Norway, Me.

If you wish to save time, trouble and

money purchase your food at the

## NORWAY BAKERY



# THE NORWAY ADVERTISER

April 21—Anniversary dance, Knights of Pythias, Grange Hall, South Waterford.  
April 22—Auction, Paris Town Farm.  
April 23—Easter Sunday.  
April 24—Apron sale and supper, Concert Hall, Methodist Episcopal church.  
Apr. 27—Fast Day.  
April 27—Base ball, Norway vs Bryant's Pond, Fair Grounds.

**Coming Events.**  
April 21—Anniversary dance, Knights of Pythias, Grange Hall, South Waterford.  
April 22—Auction, Paris Town Farm.  
April 23—Easter Sunday.  
April 24—Apron sale and supper, Concert Hall, Methodist Episcopal church.  
Apr. 27—Fast Day.  
April 27—Base ball, Norway vs Bryant's Pond, Fair Grounds.

**New Advertisements.**  
Want advertisements—See page 2 and 3.  
Specialties for spring—Wm. G. Leavitt, page 3.  
Success—Brooks Grocery Store, page 3.  
Easter Millinery—Mrs. R. L. Powers, page 3.  
Fishing tackle—Noyes Drug Store, page 3.  
Parlor Millinery—Mrs. F. E. Drake, page 3.  
Flowers—Loy S. Eyster, page 3.  
Blacksmith, horseshoe—Arthur Miller, page 3.  
Accident Insurance—C. E. Tolman & Co., page 3.  
Clothing—F. H. Noyes Co., page 3.  
Barbed wire—J. O. Crocker, page 3.  
Suits and coats—Thomas Sully, page 3.  
Home made candy—J. H. Fletcher, page 3.  
Music, kindergarten—Mrs. Cora Briggs, page 3.  
Manure forks—Barrows, page 3.  
Horses for sale—S. N. Buck, page 3.  
El Mona—H. M. Parker, page 3.  
Sheet copper—L. M. Longley, page 3.  
Millinery—Mrs. G. A. Allen, page 3.  
Fresh mackerel—O. P. Brooks, page 3.

The people who have spent the winter away, like the birds are returning to their summer home.

The ADVERTISER will be issued one day earlier next week because of Fast Day. Advertisers and correspondents please notice.

Arthur G. Bennett of Paris has been selected as business manager on the board of editors of the Maine Campus, of the University of Maine.

**Methodist Conference Assignments.**

C. F. Parsons, presiding elder of Lewiston district.  
Bridgton and Hiram—J. M. Potter.  
Bethel, Mason and Locke's Mills—F. C. Foster.  
Bolster's Mills and South Harrison, supplied by D. A. Tuttle.  
Bridgton—W. Wood.  
Buckfield—to be supplied.  
Denmark and Skowhegan—to be supplied.  
Fryeburg and Skowhegan—to be supplied by E. F. Dougherty.  
Norway—C. A. Brooks.  
Rumford—to be supplied.  
Rumford Falls—C. A. Martin.  
South Paris—H. A. Clifford.  
West Paris—supplied by D. F. Nelson.  
Keen Falls—H. A. Pearce.

W. B. Eldridge goes to Chebeague; J. H. Roberts to Fairfield and Fairfield Center; J. A. Corey to Farmington; T. Whiteside to Berlin, New Brunswick; S. Hooper to Kittery, second church; L. A. Bean to York; Charles S. Cummings to North Auburn and Turner; B. F. Fickett to Cumberland and Falmouth.

**WEST PARIS.**

**A Lively Runaway.**

As H. R. Tuell was delivering his milk last Friday night his horse took fright at some wood falling from a woodpile and leaving Mr. Tuell delivering a can of milk at Jerry Cole's on Church street, ran towards Main street, turned the corner at Lane's Hardware Railroad street and thence to Fickett's mill, turned and came back; went down Pioneer street to Mr. Whitman's, turned another corner and on to Roscoe Tuell's, turning again towards Trap Corner and was finally caught in Leroy Everett's front yard all unharmed. Except the milk cans were dumped in front of Davis Curtis', where he ran over a stick of wood and going around the corner of White's drug store the wagon seat was thrown out, no damage. Runaways with less damage scarcely ever happen.

Mrs. F. D. Small's mother visited her last week.

George Tubbs is saving out the lumber at Willis mill. It will take several weeks.

Fred Waterhouse and family of Greenwood have moved into the lower part of Dunham's Hall.

Cora Dexter is home from a visit to Bridgton. She is going to Greene next week to teach school.

Mrs. Clara Ridlon came from Yarmouth, Tuesday, with the remains of George Jackson for burial here.

Laura E. Bailey of Portland will work for Mrs. M. G. Bradbury in her millinery rooms as trimmer during the early part of the season.

Rev. A. J. Parker has resigned his pastorate here and is moving to North Paris, where he will continue the services there as formerly for the summer.

Mrs. Roscoe Tuell is visiting her daughter, Mrs. I. L. Bowker in Portland. Mrs. Eliza Curtis is keeping house for Mr. Tuell in her absence.

Rev. A. K. Baldwin and family have been visiting A. E. Marshall's. Mr. Baldwin has accepted a call to South Paris Congregational church.

Will Hall of Rumford Falls was down a day or two last week. Al. Swift has bought his house in Greenwood street and will move there in a few weeks.

L. C. Bates has had brick hauled and begun on the ground for another tenement house to be built this summer between his last house and Chas. H. Bates'.

Frank Keene and family are moving to Hebron for the summer. He expects to come back again another winter to haul lumber for the Paris Manufacturing Company.

Rev. D. F. Nelson and family returned Monday night. The next morning they discovered that thieves had visited them during the night and carried off several things, among which was a watch that he valued. Tramps were seen in the village the day before and two of them were arrested but for lack of sufficient evidence were soon released.

There will be an Easter sermon at the Methodist church next Sunday morning. Sunday evening, April 23, the three societies will unite with the W. C. T. U. in holding an Easter and temperance service at the M. E. church. There will be songs and recitations by some of the children and an appropriate program will be arranged by the committee. Every one is cordially invited.

**ANDOVER.**

Mrs. Joseph Henry Abbott is still seriously ill.

Florence Thomas has gone to Norway a few days.

Mrs. Helen Kimball is assisting at the Milton House.

Easter will be observed April 23. Easter sermon by the pastor of the Congregational church. Special music by the choir. The anthem, Awake Thou That Sleepest, by Caleb Singer, also Nazareth, will be given. In the evening the Sunday school will give the service. The Bisen King assisted by the choir who will give the Easter anthem, The Magdalen by Geo. W. Warren.

## NORTH WATERFORD.

**The Railroad.**

The railroad men were in town Friday, enthusiastic with plans for the railroad, so soon to be built, taking the roadbed built in 1897 for its foundation. Practically the same route will be followed.

Schools will begin April 24th.

Bert Bird has gone to Albany for a short time.

Madeline McNeil has gone to New Hampshire.

Mrs. Lizzie Littlefield has returned from Bingham.

Frank Knight is very ill at his sister's, Eliza Proctor's.

Blanche Millett visited at her grandfather's last week.

Mrs. Ella Rice Millett visited at John F. Rice's, recently.

B. W. Rice has purchased a pair of horses of Walter Douglass.

J. W. Dresser is at work blacksmithing in Eugene Andrews' shop.

Mrs. Moses Mosher returned from her visit to Somerville, Mass., last Friday.

Frank Coffin purchased two driving horses of Burnham W. Rice, last week.

We hear that Arthur Saunders is to move to East Waterford, where he has work.

Mrs. Ellen Millett has returned from a week's visit to Boston, where she has been on business.

Mrs. Stella Hobson has been seriously ill with rheumatism, being unable to walk for several days.

Two gentlemen from Conway, N. H., were in town recently, looking for horses to place in a livery stable.

Schools will begin Monday, April 24. Lena Bisbee will teach the Primary, and a college student, whose name we have not learned, will teach in the higher grade.

Rev. Mr. Gates, D. D., of London, preached last Sunday. He is a man of excellent education, and high position in the church, but by reason of failing health is looking among the hills of New England for a farm, as a rest for tired nerves.

**NORWAY LAKE.**

Ice in Lake Penesseewassee.

The big bog was clear ice Sunday but it looks as though the ice in the pond would last some time yet.

Ella Edgcomb of Norway is at J. S. Partridge's.

Mrs. C. F. Boober has returned from her visit in Gilead.

V. L. Partridge went to Auburn Monday night, returning Tuesday.

Mrs. Winnie Hall visited her sister, Mrs. Asa Frost, Monday afternoon.

Mrs. John Smith of New Hampshire is visiting her sister, Mrs. John Wood.

Jonathan Herick is at work on Eugene Smith's building and boards at J. E. Pottle's.

Mrs. Una Westleigh and little daughter of Bethel visited her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. George Frost, Sunday.

**WELCHVILLE.**

Lula Randall is sick with scarlet fever.

Mrs. Seliger is visiting friends at North Auburn.

Rosemond Bowker is very ill with rheumatism and heart trouble.

Rev. C. H. B. Seliger has had a call to preach at Tripp, South Dakota.

H. R. Everett is able to walk about the house by means of a cane.

Schools commenced Monday, Mary E. Douglass teaches the Grammar, Lena R. Lufkin, the Primary.

Florence Hunting, Anna Bell Bennett, Stella Brooks and Charlie Hall are attending school at Oxford.

Grace M. Warren was called home from Everett, Mass., by the serious illness of her father, Mr. B. Warren.

**Fryeburg Center.**

E. D. Abbott and Everett Goodridge went to Norway last week, looking for horses.

Mrs. J. W. Towle was a guest of her daughter, Mrs. F. C. Haley, for several days last week.

The district school commenced April 17th with Edith Farrington, teacher, who will board at home.

Felix Chandler of North Conway visited Mrs. Martha Frye last week and called on Mrs. M. Chandler.

There was an auction April 15th at Mrs. F. N. Frye's, selling off old farming tools, William Gordon, auctioneer.

Everett Goodridge is at home on a vacation from his work in Sweden at Wilbur Moulton's. He will go back in a few days for the summer.

Potatoes are selling at the depot for 20 cts. a bushel. R. Brickett has a thousand or more bushels to sell and many other farmers here have from one to five hundred.

**SWEDEN.**

Ben D. Knight is at home.

## BETHEL.

**Town Buildings Burnt.**

The large school and farm buildings of Chas. E. Valentine on the north side of the river were consumed by fire last Saturday noon. Mr. Valentine was away delivering mail and the family at dinner, when it was discovered that the buildings were on fire.

Mr. Valentine ran to Mr. Upton's, the nearest neighbor, to give the alarm while the little boy and grandmother did what they could to save the stock, but in spite of their efforts, three jersey cows and a yearling heifer perished in the flames.

There was a high wind and as the buildings were all connected the fire spread rapidly and only a small amount of furniture was saved. The large spacious house had been put in readiness for the coming season and would have been filled with summer boarders in years before. The buildings were insured for \$2,000, but no insurance on the furniture.

H. C. Rowe has a Prescott automobile.

O. H. Sawtelle returned from Lewiston last Monday.

Carpenters and painters are all employed in the village.

James S. Bartlett is rather under the weather but improving.

Water is low and river drivers are having a hard season so far.

The boys are catching suckers at the mouth of the Alder river.

Mrs. Alice Farwell went to the hospital for treatment, Tuesday.

Rev. F. E. Barton preached at the new Universalist church at North Newry, Sunday.

Farmers and gardeners are beginning to plow their land and getting ready for seed time.

Archibald Grover is in Boston for a short time, sent there by the University of Maine in the interest of college work.

Fred B. Merrill has completed his course at Harvard Law school and returned home. He will take his examination for admission to the bar later.

The selectmen are putting the inventory on the books and are making taxes. Repairs on the highways also calls their attention as first and sufficiently out of the ground to begin work with the machines.

The fire police for the village corporation were organized last Friday evening with—

Chief—A. C. Frost.  
Asst. Chief—A. R. Wiley.  
Com. on By-laws—H. C. Barker, G. R. Wiley, A. C. Frost.

A petition has been fully signed for the organization of Riverside cemetery, situated on the North bank of the Androscoggin river just above Mayville.

The petition is addressed to A. W. Grover, esq., and calls for a meeting to be held at his office at 2 o'clock, p. m., April 29, to complete the organization in full.

**Middle Intervale.**

Several from here are students at Gould's academy.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Herwin are in Brockton, Mass., where he has employment.

Mrs. Z. Bartlett of East Bethel has been delivering room papers in this vicinity.

Ned Carter has recovered from measles, and now his sister Frances is sick with them.

H. M. Osgood has purchased a team and is now peddling in an easier way than previously.

School commenced Apr. 17, Cora Farwell, teacher. Several from here attended teacher's examination, last week.

Mollie Carter teaches at second term at Walker's Mills. Maud Russell teaches at East Bethel.

**Grover Hill.**

George Goddard was in the place Sunday.

A. B. Grover has traded for a span of black horses.

Karl Stearns, carries the Grover Hill school this term.

Porter Farwell was at Frank Powers' one day last week.

Mrs. Besse is with her step-daughter, Mrs. Frank Powers.

True Browne drove out his timber last Thursday and Friday.

Margaret Whidden opened the spring term on the Flat, Apr. 17.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Kendall from Newry, were in the place Sunday.

Edie Tyler is the guest of her friend, Marion Bennett, at the latter's home.

Marion Bennett expects to open the spring term of school in Mason, Apr. 24.

Evander Whitman commenced attending the Bethel Grammar school, Monday.

Mrs. Freeland Bennett, who has been quite ill, is convalescing under the treatment of her physician.

Gwendolyn Stearns went to Errol, N. H., Monday, where she is to teach in the village school this spring.

Frank Powers is contemplating removing from the Bartlett place, that he now occupies. He is looking for a farm that he can hire for the season.

Byron Moore and Mr. Fiske of Boston, who are acclimating in Bethel, were here last Tuesday enjoying the beautiful scenery of Grover Hill. Karl Stearns accompanied Mr. Fiske to Hastings Bros' lumber camps in Mason, last Saturday.

**SOUTH WATERFORD.**

Smelts Are Running.

Smelts are running in the brooks.

Schools commence April 24.

Charles Cheever is working for Frank Bell.

Edna Hayes has been visiting relatives in Massachusetts.

"Will we get the railroad or not?" is the question of the day.

Cooler weather last Sunday and Monday with a light fall of snow.

The L. & T. club will reproduce the Mook Graduation at Sweden, Wednesday evening, April 26.

Bert Sanderson has returned home from Massachusetts for a short vacation. He went there to work last spring has recently been ill with pneumonia from which he is rapidly recovering.

**LYNCHVILLE.**

George Kepiston has sold his cow to Clifford Eastman.

George Kepiston has bought a horse of Clifford Eastman.

Henry Plummer came home from Paris to stop over Sunday.

Mrs. John Grover and children were at Silas McKee's, Sunday.

Mrs. Lucy Arthur is visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. Bickford of Stoneham.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Curtis visited her parental home in Lovell over Sunday.

**Advertised Letters, Norway.**  
Lizzie Treacatan, Oscar Dematt, Joseph Cornevan.

## OXFORD.

**Fore Street.**

Edna Cummings visited at her aunt's, Mrs. E. E. Twitchell's, last week.

Charles Lovejoy's family are out again after being quarantined for several weeks.

Our school will begin Monday, April 24. It was put off on account of scarlet fever.

Mrs. Gardner Rowe is very sick with pneumonia. She has a trained nurse caring for her.

Harry Robinson is ill and under a physician's care.

Leon Walker is at home from Cambridge law school.

Charles Hanscom is at work for Solon Downing in East Oxford.

Mrs. Josiah Trebilcock is confined to the house with a severe cold.

Mrs. Caroline Bumpus is improving, and able to sit up a part of each day.

Ernest Peaco of Otisfield, has moved to the farm belonging to J. B. Robinson.

C. H. Bumpus and John Bowser are shingling for Scott Patterson of Welchville.

Nellie Hayes, who has spent the winter with relatives in Portland, has returned home.

Walter Bean and son, William, are having a steam yacht built for their use the coming season.

The many friends of Dr. A. L. Hersey are glad to welcome him home from his sojourn in the South.

Mrs. Ernest H. Hall of Augusta, is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Hayes.

A dance will be given Fast eve, Apr. 26, at Robinson Hall, Oxford. Music by Edwards' & Stevens' orchestra, hall director, Frederick Tinker.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton Littlewood have returned from their visit to their daughter, Mrs. Leslie Faunce of Somersworth, N. H. The worthy couple have enjoyed the vacation and are much improved in health.

**NORTH FRYEBURG.**

Shooting musk rats seems to be the order of the day.

Mrs. Dora Jones entertained the Frothingham club, Thursday.

Sadie Flint and Ada Webb spent Saturday visiting friends in Fryeburg.

School begins Monday, April 17, taught by Etta Cameron, of Fryeburg.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Hutchins went to Portland, Friday, to spend a few days.

Clara Eastman, of North Chatham, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Clara Hastings.

John Gray has been spending a few days with friends and relatives in Bridgton.

Lottie Forrest and her sister Addie, of Sweden, are visiting at their aunt's, Mrs. Elwood Hensley's.

Frank Mansfield, of East Conway, is doing some papering and painting for Mrs. Dr. Mabry.

Mrs. Brown, of Stoneham, is stopping with her sister, Mrs. Stephen Charles, for a few weeks.

Edwin Hutchins, who has been spending a few weeks in Grovetown, returned home Tuesday night.

Mrs. Esther Berry and Mrs. Kate Libby, both of Sweden, called on friends in this place, Thursday.

Harry Bemis, who is helping to build a camp for Seth Jewett, at Kezar Falls, came home Saturday.

We have had several showers the past week, but we must remember that April showers bring forth the May flowers.

Zach Chandler and Nellie Charles, of Stoneham, are working for Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Hutchins at their camp at Kezar.

Mrs. Frank Pickering, who has been at work for Albert Wilby, returned to her home in South Chatham, Saturday.

Mrs. Charlie Howe and children, of Fryeburg, have been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Loring Brown, the past week.

**EAST SUMMER.**

Will Bonney was at A. H. Harlow's, Sunday.

Claude Brown was in Rumford Falls recently.

Mae Brown is at home from her school in Hebron.

Edith Parsons of Hartford, is still at A. J. Berry's.

Arthur Bryant is at work for A. J. Berry at Hartford.

Reinald Cummings spent Saturday and Sunday at Paris Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Berry were at A. J. Berry's, Sunday night.

Mrs. Sarah Bonney spent a day with Mrs. Myrtle Palmer, recently.

A. J. Berry continues about the same although he is dangerously ill.

Robert Bryant has finished work for Guy Turner and is now at home.

Charles Holland and John Gerrish are painting the Congregational church.

Mrs. Elden Tucker has named her baby boy Harris William, after his two grandfathers.

Bessie Cole of Hartford, spent the day with Mrs. Amelia Greene at Summer Corner, recently.

Will McKibbin and sister, Mamie, from Hartford, were at their sister's, Mrs. C. J. Berry, Sunday.

F. W. Bonney has been sawing wood for Frank Stetson and Clinton Buck with his gasoline engine.

A circle dinner at the Baptist church, Thursday, and a business meeting of the church in the afternoon.

Alice Tucker, who has been working for her sister, Mrs. Edith M. Tucker, has returned to her home.

Dea. Josiah Stetson has returned to his home after an all winter's visit with his son, South Fryeburg, Mass.

Friends of Mrs. Cora Foye are getting up an entertainment for her benefit. It is



## Spring Humors

Come to most people and cause many troubles, pimples, boils and other eruptions, besides loss of appetite, that tired feeling, fits of biliousness, indigestion and headache.

The sooner one gets rid of them the better, and the way to get rid of them and to build up the system that has suffered from them is to take

## Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills

Forming in combination the Spring Medicine *par excellence*, of unequalled strength in purifying the blood as shown by unequalled, radical and permanent cures of

**Scrofula** **Salt Rheum**  
**Acid Head** **Boils, Pimples**  
**All Kinds of Humor** **Psoriasis**  
**Blood Poisoning** **Rheumatism**  
**Catarh** **Dyspepsia, Etc**

Accept no substitute, but be sure to get Hood's, and get it today.

We expect

## FRESH MACKEREL

in a few days. Watch for

## LOBSTERS

Why not place your order for a Fish dinner Friday? We expect to have God, Haddock, Cusk, Halibut, (possibly Mackerel) Whitefish, Bluefish, Shad, Finnan Haddie, Clams and Oysters, also all kinds of Western and Domestic Meats constantly on hand. If you want a good thing, we can furnish it. Home made products a specialty.

## O. P. BROOKS,

Dealer in  
Choice Meats, Fish and Provisions.  
Norway, Me.

## EL MONA

SEASON OF 1905

If you are to breed your mare this season, it will pay you to wait until you have seen the Wilkes sires. EL MONA, foaled in 1898, is a seal unbroken in color, 16 hands and weighs 1400 lbs. He is a good horse individually and his breeding speaks for itself.

EL MONA was sired by El Sable; by Guy Wilkes, 2:15; by George Wilkes, 2:22; by Hambletonian, 10; El Sable, sire of EL MONA, was bred by William Corbett, San Mateo, California. EL MONA, a record holder, the dam of EL MONA, was sired by Riverside; by Mambrino Wilkes, 2:28; by George Wilkes, 2:22; by Hambletonian, 10; dam by Highland Lad.

EL MONA, owned by William R. Jenkins, South Waterford, Me., is in charge of

## H. M. PARKER,

and will stand for service at his stable  
EAST STONEHAM, ME.  
Season of 1905. 10-15  
TERMS, \$10.00 TO WARRANT

## FRED A. COLE,

Of Westbrook, Maine  
a brother of the late Horace Cole, has purchased the

## Cole's Jewelry Store

Near Postoffice NORWAY  
and invites you to call and look over his stock.

## All Kinds of Repair Work Promptly Attended To.

**BICYCLE RIDING**  
Time to get ready for the spring riding, which will be good in a few days. I am prepared to promptly clean and repair your wheel. Bring it in.

**NEW BICYCLES**  
I have a few new wheels with the latest coster brake which I will sell at a reasonable figure. They are light, good looking and durable.

**BICYCLE SUPPLIES**  
Most everything in this line that you want. Call here and I will get it for you. Come in and look at our wheel goods.

## C. A. KENERSON,

Corner Bridge and Main Sts., Norway, Me.

## PARIS HILL

Moving and Changing.  
The new firm of Scribner & Newell, dealers in meat, begin business next week. Several changes in real estate and so forth are in train. Frank Robbins has sold his place to M. P. Shaw and will move to the Bartlett farm near the Hollow schoolhouse. Dr. Aldrich is moving to the Clark house. Charlie Andrews will move to the Crocker house. H. M. Daniels has bought Albion Abbott's farm and will move there. Joseph Skittory, who has had charge of that farm for a year or so, will move into the Daniels house. Miss Twitchell has moved from the parsonage rent to Dr. M. M. Houghton's. Who says there is nothing going on? Surely this is a moving time.

Eugene Hammond leaves about May 1st to take a position in the M. C. R. R. repair shops.

Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Maxin, who have been in Florida this winter, returned to Paris last week.

There will be special Easter services at the Baptist church next Sunday morning and evening.

Prof. Wright of Harvard and a party of several gentlemen are at the Hubbard House for a short time. Mr. Mica is the Meos of the pilgrimage.

Rev. C. A. Knickerbocker of Arlington, Mass., will occupy the pulpit at the Universalist church next Sunday, services in the morning and evening.

The young ladies' choral club will furnish music. Mr. Knickerbocker was formerly pastor of the Elm Street church, Auburn.

Mrs. E. H. Cummings has had some quite extensive repairs and changes made on her house on Court square. This was formerly the father's house but since Mrs. Cummings has taken it she has rechristened it Sunset Cottage, a very appropriate name as the sunset view is one of the finest in the State.

## HARRISON.

Death Has Visited Us.  
Mrs. Sylvester, formerly of Casco, died here at the home of her son, Dr. C. B. Sylvester, where she with her husband had been spending the winter. After prayers at the house on Sunday, she was taken to her old home in Casco for interment in the family lot.

May Whitney goes this week to Dixfield, where she is to teach.

Mildred Dudley from Poland Springs spent Sunday with her parents.

Lakeside Grange is expecting work in the third and fourth degrees at its next meeting.

Mrs. Edith Caswell, Emily Caswell and Josephine Ricker started Monday for a trip to Washington. They expect to spend Easter Sunday in the Capital city.

Mrs. M. M. Patrick went to Portland last week to attend the meeting of the executive committee of the County Sabbath School Association of which she is a member.

The last circle of the season was given at the Congregational vestry, Friday evening, April 14th. After supper a fine entertainment was given consisting of graphophone selections by H. H. Caswell, violin and mandolin duets by the Chapman brothers, solos by Jessie Ricker and I. F. McCormick and reading by Mr. Peters of Bridgton Academy. These circles have been held once a month during the winter and have been very successful both socially and financially.

A flock of over fifty wild geese crossed here Tuesday, headed north.

A. P. Davis & Sons have a thoroughbred Berkshire boar, which came from the Stuart Farm.

## SOUTH HARRISON.

Saved Off Two Fingers and Thumb.  
John Hartford while recently at work in Joe Pitts' saw mill at the village sawed off his thumb and two fingers on his right hand. Doing well at this writing.

Songo smelts are with us now.

Will Marston is stopping at George Adams'.

Roy Johnson is to work in Waterford this summer.

Mrs. Nancy Lewis has a lame arm and is otherwise ill.

Charles Pendexter has bought Chester Russell's place.

Eugene Johnson visited at South Bridgton recently.

Edith Tripp of Poland is visiting her sister, Mrs. Frank Chaplin.

Mrs. Wayland Johnson is to work at Kendall Smith's, Edes' Falls.

One of our cream collectors, Frank Jordan of Cook's Mills, is sick.

Mrs. Ruth A. Buck is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Geo. Greene at North Bridgton.

Edna Watson of Naples has made a week's visit at her aunt's, Mrs. Eugene Johnson's.

Charles Pendexter and wife were guests at Ed. Watson's in Naples last Saturday and Sunday.

Bela Strout and wife have moved to Canton for the summer, where Mr. Strout has a job driving a team.

## BUCKFIELD.

Mrs. Tho. Bridgman is still quite ill.

We learn from Mr. Prince that he is to go to Liston Falls.

Rev. Mr. Prince has been to Conference and returned.

F. R. Dyer, esq., entertained his father from Riley over Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Athearn spent last week in Massachusetts visiting a son.

Joseph Emery of Boston recently called on his brother-in-law, N. E. Morrill.

The Misses Dean, who have been stopping in Portland several weeks, returned Monday.

Buckfield Literary club met Tuesday with Mrs. Belle Nulty. Nezinscot History club met with Miss A. Prince.

It was said of an irate man on an occasion that he informed a woman that he had known her from her boyhood and had never known any good of her.

Rev. G. B. Hannaford attended the funeral of Mrs. Wm. Record, April 12th. Mr. Hannaford was an especial favorite of the deceased during his pastorate here.

Schools commenced Monday. The high school commenced two weeks ago under the instruction of Mr. Lord, who has taught two previous terms. Mac Chafin and Miss Bridgman have their old places, intermediate and primary.

## HIRAM.

The Spring Time.  
Spring is opening lovely, roads are drying up and everyone seems to be happy. Farmers are splitting up their wood piles, shingling and painting their buildings, plowing, hauling out manure and getting ready to plant sweet corn, of which there will be a large acreage planted in this part of the state this season.

Rolling logs into Saco river will be a large business this spring, as there are thousands of thousands landed on the banks. Saw mills are in full blast, saving out lumber. There is work for everyone. Bright prospects and a rich harvest is near.

Mrs. J. F. Buzzell of Fryeburg is visiting friends in Hiram.

## ALBANY.

Valley Road.  
Summer Bean is better.

Herbert Wheeler has a graphophone.

Mrs. Lydia Fernald visited Mrs. G. E. Grover, the 11th.

Ada Bean has returned from her visit to North Waterford.

D. R. Smith of Bethel was a recent visitor at G. E. Grover's.

Mrs. Lattie Wardwell and daughters visited relatives in Bethel last week.

Willie and Harry Inman spent Sunday with their parents at Walker's Mills.

The L. R. C. Club will give a dance at the town house on the evening of the 26th.

"Aunt Ann" Flint is spending a few weeks with her son Orrin, at her old home.

The L. R. C. Club met with Estella Bean, the 12th, and with Mrs. Bessie Swan, the 19th.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Dunham visited at J. W. Cummings, Sunday; also W. E. Cummings and family.

Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Grover attended the funeral of Mrs. Grover's aunt, Mrs. Dolly A. Mills, last Sunday.

Joe Harrington of Greenwood took supper recently with his old-time school teacher, Mrs. A. E. K. Grover.

Laura and Edith Cummings have been spending a few weeks at the grandparents' Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Cummings.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace B. Cummings will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage at the grange hall on the evening of May 1st.

Mrs. Dolly A. (Kendall) Mills was born on the farm known as the Kendall's Ferry farm, in Bethel, and was the only daughter of Bezael and Annie (Bean) Kendall. She married Nelson Mills of Bethel, and has always lived on the farm, where she went as a bride. She lived until a ripe old age, having passed her eighty-third birthday, the 25th of last February. Interment was at the Flat cemetery in Bethel.

Orrin Flint purchased a pair of oxen last week.

Amos G. Bean went to Norway, Monday, on business.

Wallace Bird and wife visited relatives in North Norway this week.

The R. M. L. Club met with Mrs. Wm. McNally Tuesday of last week.

Mrs. D. H. Cummings and Mrs. Wm. McNally visited Mrs. Newton Moore, Wednesday.

William McNally and wife have moved back to the Cole farm. Davis McNally is somewhat better.

Arthur Andrews, who came home Friday from attending Gould's academy, was taken quite ill, Sunday.

George Cummings and Lucian Andrews are having their birch sawed into spool stock at C. H. Fernald's mill.

Dexter Cummings bought of Merritt Sawin a pair of oxen one day last week. On the way home he sold them at a bargain.

Wallace E. Cummings and wife went to Waterford one day last week calling on Mr. Cummings' father, Joseph Wiley Cummings, while on the way.

The selectmen will meet at the town house Wednesday to see whether they will grant a permit to the Albany Telephone and Telegraph Company, to erect poles along the roads of the town.

**WEST BETHEL.**  
With the Teachers.  
Our village school commenced last Monday with Addie Horr, as teacher, who comes highly recommended, and a profitable term is expected.

Florence Skillings is teacher at Milton Plantation, school commencing last Tuesday.

Grace Mills of this village will teach on Bird Hill, in Bethel, school to commence next Monday. She taught there last year, and being again placed there for a second year, speaks well for her as a teacher.

W. D. Mills has killed one of his pigs. Rob Spiller, of Shelburne, N. H., was in this village, recently.

Ed Kennaugh has been quite sick for several days, but is now improving.

Mrs. Etta Dennis has a smart little boy of his age. His parents have reason to feel proud of him.

H. P. Dennison has a new hand cart, which is very convenient to haul small lots of freight and express.

E. P. Philbrook has moved into one of the tents of N. R. Springer, where Henry Wentworth recently moved out.

Moses Chaudler, who has been stopping through the winter in Boston, with his son and family, has now returned, and is stopping with his daughter, Mrs. Harry Seelye and family.

**LOVELL.**  
Mrs. Frank Emery is sick with a bad cold.

N. T. Fox bought two horses in Norway last week.

N. T. Fox and George Stanley were in Portland, Saturday.

## BOLSTER'S MILLS.

A Warning to the People.

During the very high wind of Monday afternoon a chimney in Ernest Gay's store burned out, the fire catching on the roof. Prompt action prevented the loss of the building. Another warning to our people that we should own the necessary apparatus to extinguish fire ere a conflagration sweeps over our little village.

Arthur Pinkham has gone to Waterford to work.

Alfred Chute and family recently visited at Harry Lowell's.

Mrs. Horace Walker of Harrison visited relatives here last Sabbath.

J. Bennett Pike of Bridgton called on friends here the first of the week.

Winifred Kendall of Waterford is visiting her sister, Mrs. George Skillings.

There was no preaching at the church last Sabbath as Rev. Mr. Tuttle was attending the Maine Conference. The Sabbath school and evening service were held as usual.

**UPTON.**  
Fell into an Well.  
A yearling heifer owned by Jack Burke, fell into an unused well, falling 11 feet to the water, which was three feet deep. She was badly chilled when found.

E. Abbott is sick with the prevailing epidemic.

Willie Tidwell cut his foot quite badly the first of the week.

Charles Chase has sold his store and goods to his son, J. O. Douglass.

Ronald Burke and Lee Gamble went to Bethel Saturday, returning Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Yale and little son, from Newry are visiting her parental home.

H. T. Chase starts for the Maine General hospital on Monday, for treatment.

Charles Chase has given bonds as Constable, and Gerry Brooks is Trial Justice.

Jim Bernier has recently purchased a span of horses of Baker Thurston, of Bethel.

The telephone wire is strung and the boxes are to be put in some time during the week.

Wm. Durkee of Bethel has moved his family into the J. O. Douglass rent on Thistle street.

Mrs. H. I. Abbott, who has been visiting her relatives at Canada, has returned home. One of her nieces, also her father, Mr. Barnes, came with her.

## EAST WATERFORD.

John Grover is working for G. M. Stevens.

F. P. Stanley is having his buildings painted.

A. Pennock has moved his family into the Martin place.

Frank Millett of Waterford is working for Fred Kilgore.

Quite a number in this place are working at Biscataway, in the mill.

Mr. and Mrs. Alonzo Tyler and little son Cecil, have been visiting in Lewiston.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Richardson of Greenwood are moving into this place, and will occupy the rent over P. H. Rolfe's store.

Mrs. G. M. Stevens, who has been in poor health for some time, is much better. Mrs. Ina Haggatt of South Paris is working for her.

Bertha E. Stanley, on her seventeenth birthday, received nice presents from her many friends, and in the afternoon from two till four o'clock a good time was passed. At half past two a nice treat was served, and then games of all kinds were played, and at last some very fine music was played on an organ by Maria H. Stanley. At four o'clock they all went home, wishing her many happy returns on her next birthday.

**EAST OTISFIELD.**  
Edna Fields is on the sick list.

Maurice Peck has planted his early peas.

Mrs. Lizzie Shaw has finished work at T. S. Everett's.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Wardwell were in Portland, Thursday.

Mabel Pike, of Harrison, is at work for M. V. B. Jilson.

Woodbury Edwards is sick at his sister's, Mrs. C. A. Cleaveland's.

Esworth W. Davis has gone to Massachussetts for week or ten days.

Edward Loring has been spending a few days in Portland, with friends.

Phillis Lisan, of Oxford, spent Sunday with his daughter, Mrs. Harry Stone.

## MARRIAGE INTENTIONS.

Filed With the Several Town Clerks.

Frank W. Jewett and Annie M. Kerr, both of South Paris.

Hollis B. Doughty of Greenwood and Mary A. Merrill of Norway.

**MARRIAGES.**  
In Norway, April 12, by Eugene F. Smith, Esq., George Thompson and Alma M. Russell, both of Norway.

In Waterford, April 15, by Rev. T. S. Perry, Sidney Smith Hall and Mrs. Myra J. Keen, both of Waterford.

In Fryeburg, April 16, by Rev. B. N. Stone, Dana Haley of Fryeburg and Blanche E. Hayes of Jackson, N. H.

In Lovell, Mass., April 6, William J. Brookway and Florence M. McAllister, formerly of Oxford.

In Auburn, Apr. 18, by Rev. T. Taisne, Alton C. Wheeler of South Paris and Edith H. Hayes of Auburn.

In Auburn, Apr. 18, by Rev. C. Walter Piske, John C. Baker of Rumford Falls and Luez E. Hayes of Auburn.

In Bethel, April 18, by Rev. F. C. Potter, Herbert C. Swan of Greenwood and Maude A. Swan of Bethel.

**BIRTHS.**  
In Norway, April 14, to the wife of Alfred A. Everett, a son.

In Norway, April 20, to the wife of Clarence V. Webster, a daughter.

In Scribner's Mills, Harrison, April 10, to the wife of Walter Dyer, a son.

In Fryeburg, Mar. 31, to the wife of Charles Gray, a son, Lawrence Milton.

In East Randolph, April 10, to the wife of Manley B. Blanchard, a son.

In Greenwood, Mar. 24, to the wife of E. L. Dunham, a daughter, Gladys Viola.

In North Paris, April 16, to the wife of Frank Elwell, a daughter.

In Woodfords, April 13, to the wife of Dennis Parlin, a daughter.

In Woodfords, Apr. 16, to the wife of Charles Crockett, a son.

**DEATHS.**  
In Otisfield, Apr. 14, Ezekiel Sylvester, aged 81 years, 1 month, 15 days.

In Harrison, April 15, David Upton, aged 82 years.

In Utica, N. Y., April 16, Rev. W. W. Hooper, formerly of Norway, aged 82 years, 2 months, 1 day.

In Fryeburg, April 9, Joseph O. Allard.

In East Otisfield, April 13, Sarah, R. widow of the late Albert, aged about 65 years.

In Buckfield, April 9, Mrs. William Record, aged 68 years.

In Bangor, Mar. 30, Daniel C. Merrill, formerly of Paris, aged 74 years.

In Oxford, April 14, S. Alexander, widow of Asa Andrews, late of Otisfield, aged 80 years, 6 months, 21 days.

In Sumner, Apr. 14, Tressie, wife of Willie Bowker.

H. M. Parker, East Stoneham, will have the noted stallion El Mona at his stable during the season of 1905. See ad in another column.

## FARM SUPT. WANTED.

For the Norway Town Farm, to finish the year ending April 1st, 1906, present incumbent obliged to resign on account of sickness.

Apply at once to  
A. J. STEARNS,  
Chairman Board of Selectmen of Norway.

## For the Children

To succeed these days you must have plenty of grit, courage, strength. How is it with the children? Are they thin, pale, delicate? Do not forget Ayer's Sarsaparilla. You know it makes the blood pure and rich, and builds up the general health in every way.

The children cannot possibly have good health unless the bowels are in proper condition. A sluggish liver gives a coated tongue, bad breath, constipated bowels. Correct all these by giving small laxative doses of Ayer's Pills. All vegetable, sugar-coated.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of  
**Ayer's** **HAIR VIGOR.** **ACHE CURE.** **CHERRY PECTORAL.**







1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

Many so called floor paints  
stand the walking,

**THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS**  
**INSIDE FLOOR PAINT**

Is made for floors and nothing else.  
It is made for durability. It is made  
to last. Color cards for the asking.

Sold by  
**H. L. HORNE,**  
Norway, Me.

**25 CENTS**

**PISO'S CURE FOR**  
**CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS**  
Best Cough Syrup, Cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Inflammation of the Lungs, Consumption, etc.  
In time. Sold by druggists.

**CONSUMPTION**

not be, according to whose  
but as respectable married women  
yet happily in the majority, I will  
pose that you are one with a fami  
children. If so, what will be the r  
if you instruct them that if they sh  
not enjoy their married life with  
partner they should obtain a divorce

\_\_\_\_\_

# OUR GO-CARTS HAVE ARRIVED

They are built with all the latest improvements by the Heywood-Wakefield Co. who are leaders in Reed and Rattan craft.

The Collapsible device renders it possible for them to occupy the least amount of space in house, or storeroom.

Don't buy till you have seen our line.

# C. B. CUMMINGS & SONS

NORWAY, MAINE.

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## BLOOD CIRCULATION

By means of VIBRATION cures all pains and aches no matter what the cause. Vibration is Life, stagnation is Death. 8000 vibrations per minute. DRUGS, no PLASTERS, no ELECTRICITY. Consultation and advice free.

### DR. PARMENTER

Opposite Opera House,  
Office Hours, 9 a. m. to 11 a. m.; 7 p. m. to 8.30 p. m.

NORWAY, MAINE

A high-contrast, black and white image showing a close-up of a textured surface, possibly a book cover or a piece of wood, with a vertical crease or fold visible. The image is heavily stylized, with deep blacks and bright whites, creating a dramatic, almost abstract effect. The texture appears rough and weathered, with a prominent vertical line running down the center, suggesting a hinge or a fold in the material. The overall composition is minimalist and focuses on the play of light and shadow on the uneven surface.

This image is a vertical strip of a document page, heavily degraded with noise and artifacts. A single vertical line is visible on the left side.



## You can make better food with Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE.

Lighter, sweeter, more palatable  
and wholesome.

### FRYEBURG.

Joseph O. Allard died Apr. 9th, at the residence of A. R. Jenness, where he has been living several years. He had a shock about a year ago, and has been in a nearly helpless condition ever since. He was an upright man in all his dealings, and had a host of friends. He leaves a widow.

Robbie Evans is at home. Very cold for the middle of April. The village schools commenced this week.

Charlie Burbank was at home for two days last week. Ollie Cameron came up from Portland and stopped over Sunday. Maple syrup is coming in quite freely.

now, and is selling for one dollar per gallon.

Work is progressing rapidly on the new jeweler's store on Main street.

Second-hand piano for sale at a very low price. Inquire of H. H. Burbank. The ground was covered with snow Saturday morning, but it soon disappeared.

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## SUITS AND COATS

You will find many pretty styles and materials in our stock of Suits and Coats for spring. Ours are all made especially for us therefore they are just a little different from others. You will find our prices right.

- ONE LOT suits of novelty mixture in blue, brown and black, short blouse jacket, heavy satin lined, flat collar, trimmed with steel buttons and braid, large sleeve, full skirt plaited from knee down.....\$10.00
- ONE LOT suits of good quality cheviot, blue and black, blouse jacket, yoke front and back trimmed with black silk braid, tucked from yoke down, large sleeve, tucked cuff, full skirt plaited from knee.....\$15.00
- ONE LOT shirt waist suits of good brilliantine in brown and blue, waist tucked back and front, large sleeve tucked from cuff nearly to elbow, changeable silk tie, tucked skirt, regular sizes.....\$4.98
- ONE LOT shirt waist suits of white linen finish goods, waist is tucked front and back with two embroidered panels in front, plaited skirt with two embroidered panels to match waist, very neat.....\$3.98
- ONE LOT separate coats of good covert cloth, 2 1/2 inches long, strapped front and back, also tabs and buttons, large sleeve, tucked at cuff satin lined.....\$7.50
- ONE LOT misses' coats of light covert cloth, unlined, loose back with belt, flat collar of velvet, silk braid and buttons, large sleeve, pockets.....\$3.98
- ONE LOT RAIN COATS of gray and brown mixture, flat collar, fly front, tucked in back from waist line to shoulder, belt, large sleeve, neat cuff, a very serviceable garment.....\$9.00

Others from \$7.50 to \$15.00.

**Thomas Smiley**  
NORWAY, MAINE.

## SUCCESS IN LIFE

From a financial point of view means for you to be prudent and saving of your money. Now we can help you save in the line of buying Groceries, and thus help put you on the road to success.

Remember a few cents saved each time you buy your Groceries of us will soon amount to dollars.

Customers are served courteously and promptly at

**Brooks' Grocery Store,**  
Beal Street, Norway, Maine.

**MRS. G. A. ALLEN,**  
Has the largest line of

Ladies' and Children's

**High Grade Millinery**

Trimmed and  
Untrimmed

101 Main Street, NORWAY, ME.

### BRYANT'S POND.

A New Inventory.

The inventory taken on the first of April showed 71 male dogs and 3 females, 233 horses, 2 colts 3 to 4, 4 colts 2 to 3, 3 colts under 2, 463 cows, 58 oxen, 143 3-year-olds, 152 2-year-olds, 148 yearlings, 726 sheep, 119 swine. Total value of real estate \$191,820; total value of personal estate \$64,840.66; rate .022 on a dollar.

George Emmons is working for H. C. Bacon.

Little Aubrey Sylvester has come to board with G. A. Whitman for a while.

Franklin Grange conferred the 3d and 4th degrees on a class of five ladies, Saturday.

Many frozen aqueducts have not yet thawed out and people are still troubled to get water.

Horatio Houghton is gaining at the present time.

Clarence Cole started last Monday for a visit in Baltimore, Md.

M. M. Hathaway is rushed with orders for papering and painting.

Ethel Ford went to Lewiston last Tuesday for a few days' visit.

Mrs. Georgia Stone came from South Paris last Saturday to keep her father's house for the next six months.

Granite Chapter, order of the Eastern Star, of West Paris, visited Jefferson Chapter, No. 59, last Friday evening, and assisted in conferring the degrees of the Chapter upon two candidates. Doughnuts and cheese, cake and coffee were served, and a good time enjoyed by all. Jefferson Chapter is invited to Granite Chapter to do some work, in the near future.

John Piffeld is working for F. P. Cole. Daniel Bryant has been quite ill the past week.

Harold Swan and wife of Livermore visited at Charles Swan's this week.

There is a crew of thirty now employed at the quarry, including about twelve cutters.

Charles Estes recently fell from the scaffold in his barn and was quite severely injured.

J. H. Linscott has moved here from South Paris occupying one of E. Andrews' rents.

There will be a Cobweb party at the town hall Wednesday evening, given by the Ladies' Aid society.

The indications are that the ice will leave the pond about April 25th. Last year it was clear May 2d.

Messrs. Hall and Wiske, of Patterson, N. J., were in town Wednesday on business connected with their property here.

### OTISFIELD.

Ezekiel J. Sylvester died Tuesday, April 11, aged 81 years.

He had lived in this town for many years and had always been an honest and respected citizen. Although a farmer, Mr. Sylvester has for the past few years been unable to carry on his large farm.

He leaves a widow, Miriam, and one son, Herbert Milton Sylvester, who is a lawyer and an author of no mean importance. Mr. Sylvester was a member of the Free Masons also having ceremonies.

S. Alexander Andrews.

The subject of this sketch was born Sept. 24, 1818, and died April 14, 1905.

May 1st, 1836, she was united in marriage to Asa Andrews, and they commenced life on what is known as Otisfield Gore. Five children blessed the union, only one of whom, W. W. Andrews, of Oxford, survives her.

Mr. Andrews was married May 1st, 1838, the husband being called to his reward Dec. 27, 1893, aged 84 years.

Mrs. Andrews cheerfully toiled early and late for the support of her family, not of herself, but always anxious to do a kindly act for others. In the home and the community she stood for all that was pure and good.

Funeral services were held Sunday, Rev. E. E. Crawford, of Oxford, officiating, taking for his thought, the text, "He giveth his beloved sleep."

The maple syrup season has been short and sweet.

Irvin Chapin of Naples visited at Eugene Edwards', last week.

Gene Edwards saw two deer in Cyrus Stone's field, Saturday night.

Charles Wight, who has been on the sick list, is very much better.

Helen Edwards picked a Mayflower Apr. 6th. Nellie Latulip picked one the 10th.

Cyrus Stone has returned from Eaton, where he has been visiting relatives the past week.

John T. Maxfield, of Naples, and Levi Maxfield, of Cook's, visited at Hiram Edwards', recently. Mr. Edwards has been very feeble the past week. Mrs. Edwards is suffering with sciatica.

Clara Ames, wife of John T. Maxfield, of Naples, passed away Feb. 21st, aged 66 years and 8 months, after a short illness, of pneumonia. The occasion was a very sad one. She was highly esteemed by all that knew her. Beside the husband, she is survived by a son, two brothers, Algernon Ames, of Otisfield, and Augustus Ames, of North Windham, and a large circle of friends. Funeral at her late home, Feb. 24th, conducted by Rev. Miss Powell, of Bridgton. The floral tributes were large and beautiful.

### OTISFIELD GORE.

Mrs. L. T. Brett has lost a very fine cow.

Mrs. Luther Emerson went to Norway last Saturday.

Mrs. E. G. Green is ill and under a physician's care.

Luther Emerson has been shingling for Mrs. L. T. Brett.

George Emerson visited his parents last Saturday night and Sunday.

C. Y. Francis and wife have been calling on their old neighbors and friends of this place.

The Grange here is in a very prosperous condition. They recently took in eight new members.

C. B. Grover and family went to Paris last Saturday, to visit his wife's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Gould.

Friends in this vicinity were saddened by hearing of the death of Mrs. Asa Andrews of Oxford. She was a former resident of this place. The funeral was at the Gore Grange Hall, Sunday, interment in the cemetery in this place.

Read the story that is running in the ADVERTISER, "Jack Harkaway's Schooldays," on the 9th and 10th pages.

### GREENWOOD.

The Greenwood Schools. The schools of Greenwood are to open Apr. 24, with the following list of teachers:

Patch Mountain—Marjorie McRaney. Greenwood City—Sadie M. Davis. Tables—Edna Curtis. Richardson Hollow—May Merrill. Holt—Annie Kimball. Bryant—Marie Balentine. Howe Hill—Ella Bryant. Locke's Mills—Ruby Smith. Shadigee—Lenora Thomas.

E. W. Penley has let his farm to Fred Cole for a year. Mr. Penley will move to West Paris where he is employed in the pulp business.

### WANTED, LOST, FOUND, ETC.

PLYMOUTH ROCK Eggs for hatching, 40 cents per setting. good blood. Geo. C. Leavitt, Norway, Me. 16\*

VIOLINS FOR SALE Several choice 'old' violins at fair prices. Call on or address S. C. Foster, 119 Main Street, Norway. 16\*

LOST A large, well marked, black and white St. Bernard dog, answers to the name of Don, weight about 110 pounds. Any information leading to his recovery will be suitably rewarded. Ira Harriman, Norway, Maine. 16\*

FOR SALE Summer cottage, west shore of Penesseewassee Lake, boat house and wharf, spring water, fine grove, beautiful situation, write J. H. Stuart, South Paris, Me. 16\*

HORSES FOR SALE. Some good roaders. CARRIAGES AND WAGONS Call at 7 Deering St. S. N. BUCK, Norway, Maine. 16\*

I have a large lot of SHEET COPPER suitable for water boxes. Bought low and will be sold low. 2,000 feet Lead Pipe for spring water. L. M. LONCLEY, Norway Shop on Cottage Street

BARROWS, . . . Otisfield

4 and 5 Tined Manure Forks; Square and Round Pointed Shovels, long or short handles; Grass Seed; The Sherwin-Williams Ready Mixed Paints.

Mrs. Cora S. Briggs Will start classes in

MUSICAL KINDERGARTEN WORK SATURDAY, MAY 6

All who wish their children to begin the study of music during the coming year, will do well to take this opportunity, as the work is interesting, practical and up to date in every respect.

The classes will not conflict with the regular school work, and no home practice will be required during the summer.

Price \$5 for Term of 20 Lessons

Home Made Candy

Some of our leaders

Rock Maple Candy

Toasted Marshmallows

Norway Taffy

Cream Mints

J. H. FLETCHER, Confectioner,

Norway, Me., opposite Elm House

Blue Stores

EXTRA ALL ABOUT OUR NEW SPRING SUITS TOP COATS HATS HABERDASHERY ETC. ETC.

2/3

Of a man's life and much of his money is spent in his clothes, and strange as it may seem, the better clothes he buys the less it costs him to keep well dressed.

It's the quality, durability, style and the

All Around Superiority

for the price that makes our high grade clothing the most economical in the end.

Boys' and young men's clothes that excel.

F. H. NOYES CO.

Norway and South Paris.

## WM. C. LEAVITT Specialties For Spring

Do not fail to see the

Easy Rotary Clothes

Washer

It will wash clean and do it easy.

Novelty Ball Bearing

Wringers

Three Years Warrant

Will fit the Rotary Washing Machine.

A large stock of

Wire Screen Cloth

Both black and white

Screen Doors and Window

Screens, Screen Door

Hinges and Fasteners

CULTIVATORS

Spade Tooth, Diamond Tooth,

with Hilling Attachment.

Best Tools to be had, and the prices will be correct.

All the above goods are the best in the market, and the prices are as low as the same quality of good can be sold for.

WM. C. LEAVITT,

Norway, Maine.

EASTER MILLINERY

At

MRS. R. L. POWERS'

A fine line of Trimmed, Untrimmed and

Ready-to-wear Hats, all the latest novelties, etc.

Mrs. Hills will be with us this season and

will be pleased to see all old customers.

FISHING TACKLE!

All the new things to complete the Sports-

man's outfit, such as: Bamboo, Lancewood and

Steel Rods, Reels, Staff and Rod Nets, Minnow

Trap, Tackle Box, all sorts of Lines, Hooks and

Artificial Bait, everything desirable in the line

At

The Noyes Drug Store

NORWAY

We are constantly adding to our stock

MRS. F. E. DRAKE

Parlor Millinery

Norway, Maine

Over Stone's Drug Store

BARBED WIRE

NAILS

HARDWARE

FARMING TOOLS

LOW BROTHERS' HIGH STANDARD PAINT

STOVES AND FURNACES

J. O. CROOKER

138 Main Street, NORWAY, MAINE

Telephone 115-4.

## Jack Harkaway's Schooldays

By BRACEBRIDGE HEMING

"Are you one of the masters of the school?"

"I am, sir," replied Mr. Mole, proudly drawing himself up.

"Whose school is it?"

"Pomona House, Little Bridge, Herfordshire; principal, Mr. Crawcour, assisted by competent masters; reference to the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries and parents of boys if."

"Excuse me. I did not ask you for your circular. That I can read at my leisure," interrupted Mr. Beddington, smiling. "Tell me what I can do for you?"

"Pursue the runaway."

"Ride after the truant and bring him back to you, eh?" said Mr. Beddington.

"Would that be fair?"

"Certainly, sir. You need have no scruples of conscience," Mr. Mole hastened to say.

"Unfortunately for you, I have, and I shall not pursue the boy for you."

Giving his horse the reins, Mr. Beddington walked the animal slowly on.

"What a curmudgeon!" said Mr. Mole.

"A perfect brute!" chimed in Collinson.

"There is no help for it," continued the senior master, throwing the mud out of the window, which instantly sank in the mud.

"Are you going to venture, sir?" asked Collinson.

"Needs must when the—when a certain person drives. Here goes," said Mr. Mole, with an almost triumphant air.

As he put his foot on the top of the fence he slipped and fell headlong on his face in the black mud, which seemed to engulf him. Only his coat-tails, part of his back and his legs kicking up in the air, could be seen.

"He will be smothered," thought Collinson, and he instantly jumped in the slough, which received him up to his knees, to rescue his fallen comrade. It was with difficulty that this could be done. At length, spluttering and breathing heavily, Mr. Mole was extricated from his unpleasant position. His eyes, his ears, his mouth, his nose were all plugged up with mud, and was a work of time before he could hear, taste or smell anything but the vilest of earth, rainwater and the dust of the road.

"Oh, my dear Collinson! This is a cruel, this is cruel," he muttered.

"Very much so, sir; but I'm not as bad," answered Collinson.

At this juncture the driver of the car, who had been exploding in short bursts of laughter, like puffs of steam, could contain himself no longer.

"What is that fellow laughing at?" asked Mr. Mole.

"At you, I think, sir," answered Collinson, who turned away his head to hide a smile.

"At me? The villain! After bringing me in this plight too. I will let him discharged. He shall lose his position, mark my words," Collinson said Mr. Mole angrily. "Follow!" continued the senior master, addressing the fly man.

The driver contorted himself violently and had fresh fits.

"Do you hear me, fellow?" cried Mr. Mole, rising and extending his arm in a dignified manner.

"Oh, Lor!" said the cabman in a choking voice. "I shall bust! I shall bust! I shall bust!"

Never did see such a figger!"

Away he went into another round of laughter, which threatened to shake him to pieces.

"Come, let us leave that buffoon to go after the fugitive," said Mr. Mole.

"Duty, Collinson—duty must be obeyed before all things. I wonder if Mr. Crawcour will make good the damage done to my clothes."

"I should think so, sir."

"Then all will be well. Forward! The runaway must be captured at all hazards."

They walked quickly along the road Mr. Mole presenting a ludicrous spectacle. After about half an hour's walking they espied Jack in the distance.

"There's that fellow on horseback talking to him," said Collinson.

"Does he mean to take his punishment?" inquired Mr. Mole.

"Not likely, sir."

There were some fine hazel trees in the hedge, and the senior master, taking his knife from his pocket, cut a thin, slim switch and smiled grimly. When they overtook Jack, the latter turned round at the sound of the usher's voice, astonished and frightened.

"He evidently didn't know we were behind him, so the stranger has no part," thought Mr. Mole.

Using the stick he had cut in the hedge, Mr. Mole began to belabor Jack soundly. Jack cried and struggled, but all in vain did he try to extricate himself. The stick hurt him, and Mr. Mole laid it on with a will.

Suddenly Mr. Beddington backed his horse close to Mr. Mole, and, leaping over the saddle, he seized the senior master by the collar, and, throwing him over the hedge, flourished his riding whip at the same time, saying indignantly, "If you don't lay off, I'll treat you, and if you don't stop your word, sir, that you will molest him any more I shall interfere in a way you will not find pleasant."

Mr. Mole looked up.

"You must make allowance for exasperation of my feelings," he replied.

"Will you promise?"

"Yes. Having caught the runaway, my chief task is to convey him home, therefore we will retrace our steps good day to you, sir."



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You will find many pretty styles and materials in our stock of Suits and Coats for spring. Ours are all made especially for us therefore they are just a little different from others. You will find our prices right.

- ONE LOT suits of novelty mixture in blue, brown and black, short blouse jacket, heavy satin lined, flat collar, trimmed with steel buttons and braid, large sleeve, full skirt plaited from knee down.....\$10.00
- ONE LOT suits of good quality cheviot, blue and black, blouse jacket, yoke front and back trimmed with black silk braid, tucked from yoke down, large sleeve, tucked cuff, full skirt plaited from knee.....\$15.00
- ONE LOT shirt waist suits of good brilliantine in brown and blue, waist tucked back and front, large sleeve tucked from cuff nearly to elbow, changeable silk tie, tucked skirt, regular sizes.....\$4.98
- ONE LOT shirt waist suits of white linen finish goods, waist is tucked front and back with two embroidered panels in front, plaited skirt with two embroidered panels to match waist, very neat.....\$3.98
- ONE LOT separate coats of good covert cloth, 22 inches long, strapped front and back, also tabs and buttons, large sleeve, tucked at cuff satin lined.....\$7.50
- ONE LOT misses' coats of light covert cloth, unlined, loose back with belt, flat collar of velvet, silk braid and buttons, large sleeve, "pockets".....\$3.98
- ONE LOT RAIN COATS of gray and brown mixture, flat collar, fly front, tucked in back from waist line to shoulder, belt, large sleeve, neat cuff, a very serviceable garment.....\$9.00
- Others from \$7.50 to \$15.00.

**Thomas Smiley**  
NORWAY, MAINE.

## SUCCESS IN LIFE

From a financial point of view means for you to be prudent and saving of your money. Now we can help you save in the line of buying Groceries, and thus help put you on the road to success.

Remember a few cents saved each time you buy your Groceries of us will soon amount to dollars.

Customers are served courteously and promptly at

**Brooks' Grocery Store,**  
Beal Street, Norway, Maine.

**MRS. G. A. ALLEN,**  
Has the largest line of

Ladies' and Children's

**High Grade Millinery**

Trimmed and  
Untrimmed

101 Main Street, NORWAY, ME.

### BRYANT'S POND.

A New Inventory.

The inventory taken on the first of April showed 71 male dogs and 3 females, 233 horses, 2 colts 3 to 4, 4 colts 2 to 3, 3 colts under 2, 463 cows, 88 oxen, 143 3-year-olds, 152 2-year-olds, 148 yearlings, 720 sheep, 119 swine. Total value of real estate \$181,820; total value of personal estate \$64,849.66; rate .022 on a dollar.

George Emmons is working for H. C. Bacon.

Little Aubrey Sylvester has come to board with G. A. Whitman for a while.

Franklin Grange conferred the 3d and 4th degrees on a class of five ladies, Saturday.

Many frozen aqueducts have not yet thawed out and people are still troubled to get water.

Horatio Houghton is gaining at the present time.

Clarence Cole started last Monday for a visit in Baltimore, Md.

M. M. Hathaway is rushed with orders for papering and painting.

Ethel Ford went to Lewiston last Tuesday for a few days' visit.

Mrs. Georgia Stone came from South Paris last Saturday to keep her father's house for the next six months.

Granite Chapter, order of the Eastern Star, of West Paris, visited Jefferson Chapter, No. 59, last Friday evening, and assisted in conferring the degrees of the Chapter upon two candidates. Doughnuts and cheese, cake and coffee were served, and a good time enjoyed by all. Jefferson Chapter is invited to Granite Chapter to do some work in the near future.

John Fifield is working for F. P. Cole. Daniel Bryant has been quite ill the past week.

Harold Swan and wife of Livermore visited at Charles Swan's this week.

There is a crew of thirty now employed at the quarry, including about twelve cutters.

Charles Estes recently fell from the scaffold in his barn and was quite severely injured.

J. H. Linscott has moved here from South Paris occupying one of E. Andrews' rents.

There will be a Cobweb party at the town hall Wednesday evening, given by the Ladies' Aid society.

The indications are that the ice will leave the pond about April 25th. Last year it was clear May 2d.

Messrs. Hall and Wiske, of Patterson, N. J., were in town Wednesday on business connected with their property here.

### OTISFIELD.

Ezekiel J. Sylvester.

Ezekiel Jordan Sylvester died Tuesday, April 11, aged 81 years.

He had lived in this town for many years and had always been an honest and respected citizen. Although a farmer, Mr. Sylvester has for the past few years been unable to carry on his large farm.

He leaves a widow, Miriam, and one son, Herbert Milton Sylvester, who is a lawyer and an author of note, who at present is writing the Maine Coast Romance.

The funeral services were held Friday at Mr. Sylvester's late residence, attended by Rev. E. H. Jenkins, the Free Masons also having ceremonies.

S. Alexander Andrews.

The subject of this sketch was born Sept. 24, 1818, and died April 14, 1905. May 1st, 1836, she was united in marriage to Asa Andrews, and they commenced life on what is known as Otisfield Gore. Five children blessed the union, only one of whom, W. W. Andrews, of Oxford, survives her. Their golden wedding was celebrated May 1st, 1886, the husband being called to his reward Dec. 27, 1893, aged 84 years.

Mrs. Andrews cheerfully told early the story of her life, and she was not of herself, but always anxious to do a kindly act for others. In the home and the community she stood for all that was pure and good.

Funeral services were held Sunday, Apr. 16th, at the residence of her son, Rev. F. E. Newport, of Oxford. Officiating, taking for his thought, the text, "He giveth his beloved sleep."

The maple syrup season has been short and sweet.

Irvin Chapin of Naples visited at Eugene Edwards', last week.

Gene Edwards saw two deer in Cyrus Stone's field, Saturday night.

Charles Wight, who has been on the sick list, is very much better.

Helen Edwards picked a Mayflower Apr. 6th. Nellie Latulip picked one the 10th.

Cyrus Stone has returned from Eaton, where he has been visiting relatives the past week.

John T. Maxfield, of Naples, and Levi Maxfield, of Cook's, visited at Hiram Edwards', recently. Mr. Edwards has been very feeble the past week. Mrs. Edwards is suffering with sciatica.

Clara Ames, wife of John T. Maxfield, of Naples, passed away Feb. 21st, aged 66 years and 8 months, after a short illness, of pneumonia. The occasion was a very sad one. She was highly esteemed by all that knew her. Beside the husband, she is survived by a son, two brothers, Algernon Ames, of Otisfield, and Augustus Ames, of North Windham, and a large circle of friends. Funeral at her late home, Feb. 24th, conducted by Rev. Miss Powell, of Bridgton. The floral tributes were large and beautiful.

### OTISFIELD GORE.

Mrs. L. T. Brett has lost a very fine cow.

Mrs. Luther Emerson went to Norway last Saturday.

Mrs. E. C. Green is ill and under a physician's care.

Luther Emerson has been shingling for Mrs. L. T. Brett.

George Emerson visited his parents last Saturday night and Sunday.

C. Y. Francis and wife have been calling on their old neighbors and friends of this place.

The Grange here is in a very prosperous condition. They recently took in eight new members.

C. B. Grover and family went to Paris last Saturday, to visit his wife's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Gould.

Friends in this vicinity were saddened by hearing of the death of Mrs. Asa Andrews of Oxford. She was a former resident of this place. The funeral was at the Gore Grange Hall, Sunday, interment in the cemetery in this place.

Read the story that is running in the ADVERTISER, "Jack Harkaway's Schooldays," on the 9th and 10th pages.

### GREENWOOD.

The Greenwood Schools.

The schools of Greenwood are to open Apr. 24, with the following list of teachers:

Patch Mountain—Marjorie McKenney.  
Greenwood City—Sadie M. Davis.  
Tubbs—Edna Curtis.  
Richardson Hollow—May Merrill.  
Holt—Annie Kimball.  
Bryant—Marie Baletine.  
Hove Hill—Edna Bryant.  
Locke's Mills—Ruby Smith.  
Shadigee—Lenora Thomas.

E. W. Penley has let his farm to Fred Cole for a year. Mr. Penley will move to West Paris where he is employed in the pulp business.

### WANTED, LOST, FOUND, ETC.

PLYMOUTH ROCK Eggs for hatching, good blood. Geo. C. Leavitt, Norway, Me. 16\*

VIOLINS FOR SALE Several choice old violins for sale, violins at fair prices. Call on or address S. C. Foster, 119 Main Street, Norway. 16\*

LOST A large, well marked, black and white St. Bernard dog, answers to the name of Don, weight about 120 pounds. Any information leading to his recovery will be suitably rewarded. Ira Harriman, Norway, Maine. 16\*

FOR SALE Summer cottage, west shore of Don, weight about 120 pounds. Any information leading to his recovery will be suitably rewarded. Ira Harriman, Norway, Maine. 16\*

HORSES FOR SALE. Some good roaders. CARRIAGES AND WAGONS. Call at 7 Deering St. S. N. BUCK, Norway, Maine. 16\*

I have a large lot of SHEET COPPER suitable for water boxes. Bought low and will be sold low. 2,000 feet. Lead Pipe for spring water. L. M. LONGLEY, Norway Shop on Cottage Street

BARROWS, . . . . . Otisfield

4 and 5 Tined Manure Forks; Square and Round Pointed Shovels, long or short handles; Grass Seed; The Sherwin-Williams Ready Mixed Paints.

Mrs. Cora S. Briggs

Will start classes in MUSICAL KINDERGARTEN WORK SATURDAY, MAY 6

All who wish their children to begin the study of music during the coming year, will do well to take this opportunity, as the work is interesting, practical and up to date in every respect.

The classes will not conflict with the regular school work, and no home practice will be required during the summer. 16-17\*

Price \$5 for Term of 20 Lessons

Home Made Candy

Some of our leaders

Rock Maple Candy

Toasted Marshmallows

Norway Taffy

Cream Mints

J. H. FLETCHER, Confectioner,

Norway, Me., opposite Elm House

Blue Stores

EXTRA

ALL ABOUT OUR NEW SPRING SUITS TOP COATS HATS HUSBANDS ETC. ETC.

2/3

Of a man's life and much of his money is spent in his clothes, and strange as it may seem, the better clothes he buys the less it costs him to keep well dressed.

It's the quality, durability, style and the

All Around Superiority

for the price that makes our high grade clothing the most economical in the end.

Boys' and young men's clothes that excel.

F. H. NOYES CO.

Norway and South Paris.

## WM. C. LEAVITT Specialties For Spring

Do not fail to see the

Easy Rotary Clothes

Washer

It will wash clean and do it easy.

Novelty Ball Bearing

Wringers

Three Years Warrant

Will fit the Rotary Washing Machine.

A large stock of

Wire Screen Cloth

Both black and white

Screen Doors and Window

Screens, Screen Door

Hinges and Fasteners

CULTIVATORS

Spade Tooth, Diamond Tooth,

with Hilling Attachment.

Best Tools to be had, and the prices will be correct.

All the above goods are the best in the market, and the prices are as low as the same quality of good can be sold for.

WM. C. LEAVITT,

Norway, Maine.

EASTER MILLINERY

At

MRS. R. L. POWERS'

A fine line of Trimmed, Untrimmed and

Ready-to-wear Hats, all the latest novelties, etc.

Mrs. Hills will be with us this season and

will be pleased to see all old customers.

FISHING TACKLE!

All the new things to complete the Sports-

man's outfit, such as: Bamboo, Lancewood and

Steel Rods, Reels, Staff and Rod Nets, Minnow

Trap, Tackle Box, all sorts of Lines, Hooks and

Artificial Bait, everything desirable in the line

At

The Noyes Drug Store

NORWAY

We are constantly adding to our stock

MRS. F. E. DRAKE

Parlor Millinery

Norway, Maine

Over Stone's Drug Store

BARBED WIRE

NAILS

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FARMING TOOLS

LOW BROTHERS' HIGH STANDARD PAINT

STOVES AND FURNACES

J. O. CROOKER

138 Main Street, NORWAY, MAINE

Telephone 115-4.

## Jack Harkaway's Schooldays

By BRACEBRIDGE HEMING

"Are you one of the masters of the school?"

"I am, sir," replied Mr. Mole, proudly drawing himself up.

"Whose school is it?"

"Pomona House, Little Bridge, Herfordshire; principal, Mr. Crawcour, assisted by competent masters; reference to the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries and parents of boys if"—

"Excuse me. I did not ask you for your circular. That I can read at my leisure," interrupted Mr. Bedington, smiling. "Tell me what I can do for you?"

"Pursue the runaway."

"Ride after the truant and bring him back to you, eh?" said Mr. Bedington.

"Would that be fair?"

"Certainly, sir. You need have no scruples of conscience," Mr. Mole hastened to say.

"Unfortunately for you, I have, and I shall not pursue the boy for you."

Giving his horse the rein, Mr. Bedington walked the animal slowly on.

"What a curmudgeon!" said Mr. Mole.

"A perfect brute!" chimed in Collinson.

"There is no help for it," continued the senior master, throwing the mud out of the window, which instantly sank in the mud.

"Are you going to venture, sir?" asked Collinson.

"Needs must when the—when a certain person drives. Here goes," said Mr. Mole, with an almost triumphant air.

As he put his foot on the top of the fly he slipped and fell along with it, face in the black mud, which seemed engulf him. Only his coatails, part of his back and his legs kicking up in the air could be seen.

"He will be smothered," thought Collinson, and he instantly jumped in the slough, which received him up to his knees, to rescue his fallen companion. It was with difficulty that this could be done. At length, spluttering and breathing heavily, Mr. Mole was extricated from his unpleasant position.

His eyes, his ears, his mouth, his nose were all plugged up with mud, and was a work of time before he could hear, taste or smell anything but the vile of dirt, rainwater and the poles.

"Oh, my dear Collinson! This is a cruel," he muttered.

"Very much so, sir; but I'm not as bad," answered Collinson.

At this juncture the driver of the who had been exploding in short bursts of laughter, like poygus going could contain himself no longer.

"What is that fellow laughing at?" asked Mr. Mole.

"At you, I think, sir," answered Collinson, who turned away his head to hide a smile.

"At me? The villain! After being in this plight too long, I will be discharged. He shall lose his position, mark my words," Collinson said Mr. Mole angrily. "Fellow," continued the senior master, addressing the fly man.

The driver contorted himself violently and had fresh fits.

"Do you hear me, fellow?" cried Mr. Mole, rising and extending his arm in a dignified manner.

"Oh, Lor!" said the cabman in a choking voice. "I shall bust! I bust! I shall, if he says much more. We never did see such a flogger!"

Away he went into another roar of laughter, which threatened to shake him to pieces.

"Come, let us leave that buffoon to go after the fugitive," said Mr. Mole. "Duty, Collinson—duty must be there before all things. I wonder if Mr. Crawcour will make good the damage done to my clothes."

"I should think so, sir."

"Then all will be well. Forward! The runaway must be captured at hazards."

They walked quickly along the road. Mr. Mole presenting a ludicrous spectacle. After about half an hour's waiting they espied Jack in the distance.

"There's that fellow on horseback talking to him," said Collinson.

"Does he mean to take his punishment?" inquired Mr. Mole.

"Not likely, sir."

There were some fine hazel trees in the hedge, and the senior master, seeing his knife from his pocket, cut a thin, slim switch and smiled grimly. When they overtook Jack, the latter turned round at the sound of the usher's voice, astonished and frightened.

"He evidently didn't know we were behind him, so the stranger has him nothing and does not mean to take his part," thought Mr. Mole.

Using the stick he had cut in the hedge, Mr. Mole began to belabor Jack soundly. Jack cried and struggled, but all in vain did he try to extricate himself. The stick hurt him, and Mr. Mole laid it on with a will.

Suddenly Mr. Bedington backed over the saddle, he seized the reins and threw it over the hedge. Flounging his riding whip at the same time he said indignantly, "I won't have him ill treated, and if you don't, I mean your word, sir, that you will molest him any more I shall interfere in a way you will not find pleasant."

Mr. Mole looked up.

"You must make allowance for exasperation of my feelings," he replied.

"Will you promise?"

"Yes. Having caught the runaway, our chief task is to convey him to



# Jack Harkaway's Schooldays

By BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG

"Are you one of the masters of the school?"

"I am, sir," replied Mr. Mole, proudly drawing himself up.

"Whose school is it?"

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"I can read at my leisure," interrupted Mr. Bedington, smiling. "Tell me what I can do for you."

"Pursue the runaway."

"After the trunk and bring him back to you, eh?" said Mr. Bedington. "Would that be fair?"

"Certainly, sir. You need have no scruples of conscience," Mr. Mole hastened to say.

"Unfortunately for you, I have, and I shall not pursue the boy for you."

Giving his horse the rein, Mr. Bedington walked the animal slowly on.

"Wait a curmudgeon!" said Mr. Mole.

"A perfect brute!" chimed in Collinson.

"There is no help for it," continued the senior master, throwing the mat out of the window, which instantly sank in the mud.

"Are you going to venture, sir?" asked Collinson.

"Needs must when the—when a certain person drives. Here goes," said Mr. Mole, with an almost triumphant air.

As he put his foot on the top of the fly he slipped and fell headlong on his face in the black mud, which seemed to engulf him. Only his coat-tails, part of his back and his legs kicking up in the air could be seen.

"He will be smothered," thought Collinson, and he instantly jumped into the slough, which reached him up to his knees, to rescue his fallen companion. It was with difficulty that this could be done. At length, spluttering and breathing heavily, Mr. Mole was extricated from his unpleasant position. His eyes, his ears, his mouth, his nose were all plugged up with mud, and it was a work of time before he could see, hear, taste or smell anything but the stench of earth, rainwater and tadpoles.

"Oh, my dear Collinson! This is sad; this is cruel," he muttered.

"Very much so, sir; but I'm nearly as bad," answered Collinson.

At this juncture the driver of the fly, who had been exploding in short fits of laughter, like poggins going off, could contain himself no longer.

"What is that fellow laughing at?" asked Mr. Mole.

"At you, I think, sir," answered Collinson, who turned away his head to hide a smile.

"At me? The villain! After bringing me in this plight too. I will have him discharged. He shall lose his situation, mark my words, Collinson," said Mr. Mole angrily. "Fellow," continued the senior master, addressing the fly man.

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Suddenly Mr. Bedington backed his horse close to Mr. Mole, and, leaning over the saddle, he seized the stick and threw it over the hedge. Flourishing his riding whip at the same time, he said indignantly, "I won't have the lad ill-treated, and if you don't give me your word, sir, that you will not molest him any more I shall interfere in a way you will not find pleasant."

Mr. Mole looked up.

"You must make allowance for the exasperation of my feelings," he replied.

"Will you promise?"

"Yes. Having caught the runaway, our chief task is to convey him home; therefore we will retrace our steps. A good day to you, sir."

Without returning his salutation Mr. Bedington said to Jack: "Goodbye, my boy. I shall come to your school and see you in the course of a week, when I return from a little journey I am making."

"Thank you," replied Jack, wiping the tears out of his eyes and trying to look cheerful.

## CHAPTER XVII.

THEY went along the road, Jack being between Mr. Mole and Collinson, who each held an arm tightly, as if he was a desperate malefactor and was expected to do somebody mischief. There was not much resistance left in Jack now. He was crushed and broken down by his unexpected capture and the gloomy prospect before him. Fortunately the driver of the fly had during their absence obtained some assistance, by means of which he extricated his rickety conveyance from the mire. It was ready for their reception, and, bundling Jack like a bale of goods, his captors sat down and kept the same vigilant watch over him. At length Pomona House was reached, and Jack was conducted into the presence of Mr. Crawcour.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "Very good! You have captured the lost sheep; wolf I ought rather to say, for he is more like that animal—fierce, prowling, treacherous, sly—than the gentle sheep."

"We have had a long chase, sir, and met with difficulties and accidents on the way, as the state of my clothes will show you," answered Mr. Mole.

"You shall be rewarded. Indeed the consciousness of having done right is always its own reward."

"Certainly. What is to be done with Harkaway, sir?"

The principal pointed to some heavy chains, with padlocks attached, which were lying on the table.

"I keep them for those whom I call very incorrigible. Fortunately, I have not had occasion to use them much. As caning doesn't seem to make a proper impression upon Harkaway, I will strike terror into him in another manner. He shall wear those chains round his legs until the end of the half, and if he runs away far in them, I will forgive him."

"Excellent, sir," replied Mr. Mole, who always made it a point of agreeing with his principal.

"What do you say, Collinson?" inquired Mr. Crawcour.

Collinson hesitated.

"Speak out! As head boy in the school, you have a right to be heard. I should like to hear your opinion."

"Then all I can say is, I consider such a punishment as you propose for Harkaway barbarous in the extreme. There are many other ways of showing your displeasure, sir."

"Leave the room, Collinson. I am not to be dictated to by my own pupils."

Collinson went away.

"Now, Mr. Mole," said the principal, "we will hobble this boy. Hobbles is the word, I think, when applied to a horse whose legs is hampered with a bar of wood or iron."

Jack being told to do so, sat down on a chair, and the chains were fixed to his legs, being padlocked just above the ankles.

They felt very heavy and uncomfortable, and it was with difficulty that he could drag one leg after another.

"That is how we punish boys who run away, Master Harkaway," said Mr. Crawcour.

"I'll do it again as soon as I get the chance!" said Jack, speaking for the first time.

"There! What did I tell you?" cried Mr. Crawcour. "Doesn't his language justify my apparent severity?"

"It does, indeed, sir," replied the doctile Mr. Mole.

"Take him away. Let him go among his companions. I'll undertake to say that he will get very little sympathy from them."

Mr. Mole took Jack by the shoulder and pushed him forward in the direction of the schoolroom, where the boys were assembled for lessons. Jack's face was burning with indignation, shame and subdued rage to think that he was treated like a felon of the last century and could not help himself. As he entered the room, with his chains clanking about his heels, every one looked up. He had not gone far before murmurs were heard. Those presently broke out into sounds of audible discontent.

"Shame! Shame—internal shame! Too bad! Disgraceful! Don't stand it! Take them off!"

These exclamations startled Mr. Mole, who raised his hand for silence. No one paid any attention to him. Collinson and the boys in the sixth had been conspiring together. Suddenly Collinson took up a ruler. Each boy had one in his desk, and, as if by a preconcerted signal, seventy or more rulers rose in the air and descended with a loud rap on the desks. Rap, rap, rap, continued on all sides, and the din was so great that the masters could not hear themselves speak. The movement was so general, too, that they could do nothing whatever to stop it. Mr. Mole glided out of the room and sought Mr. Crawcour.

"Come at once to the schoolroom, sir," cried Mr. Mole, breathless with excitement.

"What's the matter?" inquired the principal.

"The school is in an uproar. All the boys are in rebellion. Collinson is the leader, and there is such a din that discipline is at an end."

"In that case, dismiss them to the playground, and send Collinson to me."

"But—"

"Do as I tell you. If I were to go to quell the riot and fail, all discipline would be at an end. Don't you see?" said Mr. Crawcour.

Mr. Mole shook his head, but went away to obey his instructions. The disturbance had become worse. The boys were catcalling, shouting and making a most distracting noise. Never had such a scene been known since Pomona House was a school. Mr.

Mole went up to the sixth.

"Collinson," said he, "restore silence for a few moments. I beg of you."

"What for?" asked Collinson.

"The boys are to have a half holiday, and you are to go to Mr. Crawcour. If you have any grievance, he will consider it and talk the matter over with you. I appeal to your good sense."

"Boys," said Collinson, standing up, "order! Silence!"

The din ceased instantly.

"You have got a half holiday. Run away."

A loud hurrah arose, books were put quickly away, and the boys rushed, yelling, into the playground. Collinson then held a short consultation with the boys in his form, and went to Mr. Crawcour. He found him pacing the room in an agitated manner.

"Do you want to destroy my school?" cried the principal angrily.

"Do you, sir?" replied Collinson quietly.

"Is it likely? The school is my pride—my, more; my support—and I look upon the boys under my care as my children."

Mr. Crawcour spoke with emotion.

"Would you load one of your own children with chains like a convict?" Collinson asked.

"Certainly, if he had offended me."

"We don't like the idea. It will be talked about, and we shall be laughed in the town. Suppose Dr. Begbie's boys got hold of the story?"

"What is it you want?" asked Mr. Crawcour after a pause.

"Release Harkaway."

"What am I to do with him? He does not care for caning, and he will run away again. A boy confided to my care is a sacred trust. I am responsible for him to his friends. He is a desperate boy, this Harkaway. The chains shall not be removed."

"In that case I will not answer for the consequences."

"I will come every boy in the school."

"That will deepen the discontent, sir."

"You defy me, you who ought to support my authority?"

Mr. Crawcour went to his cupboard and took out a cane.

"As you seem to be the ringleader of this revolt, I shall punish you, and, having begun with you, I will go all through the school," he said.

One stroke descended upon Collinson's shoulders. The next moment the cane was wrenched from Mr. Crawcour's hand and broken in half, the pieces lying upon the floor.

"This—this is outrageous!" stammered the astonished schoolmaster. "Go," he said. "You are headstrong and will regret this. I will not use force to compel you to submit. Reflect, and I am sure your common sense will prompt you to come to me and receive the chastisement you so richly deserve and which you now refuse to take. Consider you will lose your position in the school, as well as all the prizes. Come to me again in an hour."

Collinson walked proudly away. In the yard he found all the big boys awaiting him.

"Well," said Maxwell, the second in the sixth, "what does he say?"

Collinson related what had passed.

"He won't let Harkaway out of those confounded chains? Do you know what we've been thinking about?" said Stanfield, the captain of the fifth.

"What?"

"A barring out," answered Stanfield. "Suppose we went out now and got in a lot of grub from the town and some blankets from the dormitories and shut ourselves up in the schoolroom until they let Harkaway loose or give us the key, so that we could undo the padlocks."

"By Jove," exclaimed Collinson. "That is a splendid idea! It will be protest against tyranny, like that of Hampden against Charles I. I never thought of that."

"It will be a glorious tradition for fellows who come after us," said Maxwell.

"Shall we do it?" said Stanfield.

"By all means," answered Collinson. "Come along then, into my study, and arrange the details. There is no time to be lost."

The conspirators followed Stanfield into his study and, shutting the door hastily, settled upon a plan of action. A collection of money was made first of all, money in all things being the sinews of war. The little boys were not to be in the lockout, because they would only be in the way and do no good. Actually only thirty-five boys were admitted into the schoolroom.

Several of the pupils went into the town and bought such things as bottled beer, preserved meats, bread, ham, pastry, jams, bottled tongues and other things which would keep for some time. When these provisions were carefully brought in and filled with water. The rebels entered the schoolroom. The door was barricaded with large pieces of wood nailed from post to post. The windows were secured in a similar manner, and the arrangements were complete.

Collinson was the leader of everything, and when they were all assembled he made a speech.

"Gentlemen," said he, "we have been compelled to take drastic measures in order to show those who are set in authority that we are not to be treated as slaves. One of our members—I allude to my friend, our friend, I may say, Jack Harkaway [cheers]—has been treated in a most shameful manner. We are insulted through him, and I believe I echo the sentiments of this meeting when I say that we are determined not to yield until the key is handed to us and we can set our companion at liberty. [Loud cheering.] As our operations have been conducted with great speed and secrecy, our masters have no idea of the actual state of things, but the knowledge cannot long be kept from them. We shall be called upon to surrender, but we will show a bold front. [Cries of 'We will! We will! No surrender!'] We are well provided. If some of you fellows will illuminate the saloon by lighting the

penny dip, we will drink to the success of our enterprise."

Collinson sat down amid much laughter.

It was getting dark, and candles formed a welcome addition to the feeble light. The viands were brought out. The boys found, however, that they had neither tablecloths nor knives and forks. Some had pocket-knives, so that the difficulty was partly got over. Collinson opened some large bottles of beer, and the spirits of all rose. A ham was cut, a tongue and a couple of pies laid out under contribution, and the feast began.

Harvey and Jack were sitting together, the former rendering the latter every assistance in his power.

"Cheer up, old boy," said Harvey. "I am glad the whole school have taken up your cause."

"Thanks," said Jack, with his mouth full of pigeon pie. "Try this dove tart."

"Wait till I've finished the chicken and ham. Do the chains hurt?"

"A little. I'm all right; don't bother about me," replied Jack. "Is Mordenfield with us?"

"No; he wouldn't come in. He said he wouldn't tell about us, but he didn't care to join us because it was a barring out for your sake."

"I wonder why he hates me so? He has changed lately," said Jack thoughtfully.

Collinson got up at this juncture. The boy who was placed as a sentinel at the door, called to Collinson, "Mr. Mole is outside, and he says he wants to speak to you."

Collinson got up from the festive board and walked to the door. "Do you want me, Mr. Mole?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the senior master. "What is the meaning of this extraordinary conduct on your part? The whole of the upper part of the school is in revolt."

"You know the reason as well as I do."

"Indeed I do not," replied Mr. Mole.

"I distinctly told Mr. Crawcour that if he persisted in his course of severity toward Harkaway I would not be answerable for the consequences."

"Mr. Crawcour is deeply grieved."

"Give us the key of the padlock, so that we can take off the chains," said Collinson. "Promise us that no notice shall be taken of our rebellion, and in an hour's time we will open the door and have the room ready for prayers."

"No," replied Mr. Mole in a decided voice. "I cannot agree to anything of the kind. I have talked the matter over with the principal, and he is of my opinion—namely, that no concession can possibly be made to boys who have behaved as the ringleaders, who will be severely punished. I did not expect such conduct from you, Collinson. You have always been a pattern to others and the ornament of the school. Will you not listen to the voice of reason?"

"Let us have justice first. We must have the key, and then a written pardon from Mr. Crawcour."

"I cannot promise anything of the sort. Mr. Crawcour will punish you all if you do not yield speedily. He says he will cane the entire school one by one; reflect upon the consequences of your rash action! What does your duty to your neighbor teach you? Is it not to obey all those who are placed in authority over you?"

"Good night. I want to finish my supper. Sorry we can't ask you to join us," said Collinson, turning away.

Mr. Mole made no further attempt to continue the conversation.

Presently Collinson rejoined his companions. The supper was proceeded with, and it was unanimously decided that the resistance should be carried on to the bitter end, unless their terms were complied with.

Some were sung and general merriment prevailed, the noise made by the boys being heard distinctly by Mr. Crawcour and his masters, who were assembled in the former's drawing room.

The little boys, who had not joined in the barring out, had gone to their dormitories, delighted at the uproar in the school and hoping that as the schoolroom was occupied there would be no lessons on the morrow.

"Well," exclaimed Mr. Crawcour, as the senior master entered the room. "What say the rioters?"

The expression of his face was anxious. The ruin of his school was staring him in the face; so that it was no wonder the principal of Pomona House awaited Mr. Mole's answer with anxiety openly expressed upon his sallow countenance.

"I was defied, sir," answered Mr. Mole. "Collinson demanded a complete pardon for himself and his associates, and the instant liberation of Harkaway."

"And you told him—"

"That you could not possibly agree to such terms."

"You were right," answered Mr. Crawcour, after a moment's reflection; "such a surrender of our rights would be a confession of weakness which we should never get over."

"They must give in in time," said Mr. Stonor.

"I have a plan, sir," said Mr. Mole. "Whether you will think it worth while to adopt it or not is another thing."

"An idea of any sort in such a crisis is valuable," replied the principal.

"The singing and the shouting are not so loud; in a short time they will have gone to sleep. Then is the time for a night attack."

"How and where?"

"By the window on the side of the yard," said Mr. Mole with a knowing wink.

"Excellent!" said Mr. Crawcour. "A night attack is a good idea—I may call it a brilliant suggestion. But how is it to be done, and who is to execute it?"

"I will," answered Mr. Mole grandly. "Thank you," said the principal, shaking him by the hand; "you are my bold front. Believe me, I shall never forget you. Try some more sherry."

"I will," answered the senior master, pouring wine inadvertently into a tumbler. "In times like these one may indulge

"Certainly. And now be good enough to give us the details of your plan."

"In the yard we have a ladder. Once on the top of the ladder, outside the window, a blow or two from a sledge-hammer will insure admittance. I shall enter. My presence will strike awe into the hearts of the rioters. While they are in a state of dismay you will all follow me, and the thing is done."

"It is possible," said Mr. Crawcour thoughtfully, "and I am the more pleased with the scheme because the longer this absurd rebellion lasts the more harm it is calculated to do me. These things should be nipped in the bud. How boys whom I have trained so carefully could be induced to behave so badly is beyond my comprehension."

"About 12 o'clock I will make the attempt."

"So be it. And now let us while away the time with a pipe and a cigar," said Mr. Crawcour. His wife rose.

"If you are going to defile my drawing room with tobacco smoke, I shall go to my own apartments!" she exclaimed.

"Just for once, my dear. What is happening in the school makes this an exceptional night," said her husband.

"Why am I always to be worried by the school? You should manage the boys better, and such things would not happen," Mrs. Crawcour retorted.

"Better! Am I not always thinking of the dear boys?"

"Look at your severity. It is disgusting. Would such things be tolerated at Eton or Harrow? Their demands are perfectly reasonable, and I am glad to see the boys are not the sneaks and hypocrites and poor soulless things you have tried to make them."

With this speech she swept from the room, leaving her husband and his masters astonished.

"Poor creature!" said Mr. Crawcour. "She has no appreciation for or sympathies with my efforts."

"None whatever," answered Mr. Mole, helping himself again.

The senior master's hand trembled a little. He was not accustomed to strong potations, and the sherry was taking an effect upon him.

Talking with one another, the masters impatiently waited for the hours to pass, so that the attack might be made.

## CHAPTER XVII.

AT about 12 o'clock Mr. Mole, accompanied by his friends, went into the yard and noiselessly raised a ladder against a window of the schoolroom. He ascended with a somewhat unsteady gait. To his surprise, the window was open, but he did not know that a sentinel was standing by in the shade. The night was cold, and two candles flickered on a table, showing him that the boys, in various positions, were slumbering on the floor, covered by rugs and blankets.

Stepping into the room, he gazed about him, astonished at his success and scarcely knowing how to proceed.

In an instant Carr, who was the sentinel, shut the window and called loudly to the boys to come to his assistance. Collinson and others were quickly on their legs. Mr. Mole was surrounded and thrown on the floor, his hands being fastened behind his back with a rope. He did not make much resistance, as, strictly speaking, he was hardly sober.

"Just what we expected!" exclaimed Collinson. "Carr, you're a brick and have done your duty like a man! Make the window fast now. Mr. Mole, you have fallen nicely into the trap!"

"Let me go!" said Mr. Mole feebly.

"Certainly not! You are held as a hostage," answered Collinson.

The window was shut and made fast, so that it would not be easy to open it from the outside. Mr. Pumbleton, however, was not to be deterred. Grasping an ax, he ascended and began to attack the window, seeing that the senior master was captured and wishing to rescue him. With the first blow he dealt at the frame a pane of glass was shattered to atoms.

Collinson advanced and, speaking through the hole, said: "Take care. We shall resist force by force. If you value your bones, go down. I shall not hesitate to push the ladder into the yard, and you will fall with it."

"What are you going to do with Mr. Mole?" asked the second master.

"That is our business. We are not cannibals, and so you need not be afraid that we shall eat him."

Mr. Pumbleton thought better of his rash enterprise and descended without further parley to report the state of affairs to his colleagues. The principal was furious.

"Where is Mr. Mole?" he asked.

"Taken prisoner."

"Go and rescue him."

"Thank you, sir; I would rather not," answered the second master. "The boys seem very determined."

"I order you to do so!" thundered Mr. Crawcour.

"I must refuse, sir. I am sorry to say, as I value my neck. If you will go first, I will follow your lead."

Mr. Stonor and M. Bolivant were equally reluctant to make the attempt, and they retreated to the house, followed by Mr. Crawcour, who was fuming with rage.

"Cowards!" he said.

"If we are cowards," replied Mr. Pumbleton, "I respectfully submit that you are one also, sir, since you are equally reluctant with ourselves to attack the boys."

Mr. Crawcour made no answer.

There was nothing more to be done that night, so the besiegers retired to their room. In a few moments Collinson pushed away the ladder, which fell with a crash in the yard. He then turned his attention to Mr. Mole. In his waistcoat pocket he found the key of the padlock and, going up to Harkaway, unfastened his chains, which he dragged with a clanking sound to the senior master.

"What are you going to do?" asked the latter, trembling.

"What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," answered Collinson, fastening the chain round the master's

legs.

"Here, Harkaway," he cried; "come and padlock him up. This is what I call retributive justice."

Jack was nothing loath, and in a short time Mr. Mole was manacled as the boy had been, much to his disgust. But the wine he had taken somewhat blunted his faculties.

"Make him a bed of dictionaries—Caesars, Ovids, Virgils—any school-books you can find, and put him in a corner," said Collinson.

Mr. Mole soon found himself extended on a hard couch, but the rope round his hands was cut, which gave him a little freedom. Two boys were told off to guard him.

"My dear Collinson, I forgive you," said Mr. Mole, with drunken gravity. "I have a request to make. You have, I imagine, some liquors here? As it happens, I have been drinking the governor's sherry, and it has given me a plaguing thirst. If you can gratify me with a glass of wine or a drink of beer, I shall sign myself, 'Yours ever gratefully, T. Mole.'"

"Give him some beer," replied Collinson, smiling.

Accordingly a quart bottle of ale was emptied into a jug and handed to him. He drank every drop and returned the jug with a sigh of satisfaction.

"I knew we should be friends," he said. "Why should we not? Yet these chains are galling. There is an unpleasant weight about my ankles, and my shins begin to pain me. Cannot they be removed?"

"On no account," replied Collinson.

"Then I must even put up with them, though it is a trial. Perhaps a pipe of tobacco will not be refused me?" said Mr. Mole.

Stanfield handed him the pouch.

"Ah!" exclaimed he as he filled his pipe. "This is a discovery! I have always suspected you of smoking, Stanfield, but I never could find you out. When order is restored, I shall not forget this."

"You ungrateful—well, I won't abuse you," replied Stanfield. "But I never met such a fellow before. Here do I give him some tobacco to comfort him in his misfortunes, and he turns round upon me like a warmed viper."

Mr. Mole did not reply.

A puff or two of smoke, the tobacco being shag and stronger than the mild returns he was in the habit of smoking, overcame him, and, decidedly intoxicated, he let the pipe fall from his hand and, looking round him, laughed insanely.

"I say, boys," he exclaimed, "what a jolly spree! You've driven the governor half wild; he'll have a fit! But no matter. You're jolly fellows. Give me more old ale—capital stuff, old ale!"

His request was complied with.

"Given a shag, Col-Collinson!" he continued, letting the jug fall on the floor.

Before Collinson could reply his head fell back, and he went off to sleep, snoring like a pig.

"I don't think they ought to talk about us after this," remarked Stanfield.

"Let's tar and feather him and put him out in the yard and then ring the schoolbell," suggested Jack, who began to recover himself since the removal of the chains.

"Where's the tar to come from?" asked Collinson.

"Harvey had some to tar the top of his new rabbit hutch with, and it's in his locker now, pot, brush and all," replied Jack.

"And the feathers?"

"They are easily got. Haven't we a bed or two brought down from the dormitory?"

"Capital!" cried all the boys who were awake in chorus.

It was no sooner said than done. Mr. Mole was stripped to the waist, he being so dead asleep as to be incapable of making any resistance or even of protesting. They left him only his trousers, boots and his socks. With a pair of scissors they cut his hair short and, applying the brush, gave him a thick coating of tar. Ripping open the feather bed, the boys took up handfuls of feathers and threw them at him until he was as white as snow.

"That will do," said Collinson. "Fasten him in a chair—he is too tight to stand—and we will carry him into the yard."

"Properly speaking, he ought to be ridden on a rail. That is the way they do it in America!" exclaimed Jack.



marked Mr. Stenor.

"Some trick of ze rascally boys," suggested M. Bolivant.

"Yes, that is more like it," continued the principal. "Look here! It is Mr. Mole! It cannot be! Yes, it is—it is his face!"

"Ah, where is his beautiful chestnut hair, tinged with ze light gray? Was it a wig?" said M. Bolivant.

"Mole, Mole, my dear fellow, wake up, do!" cried Mr. Crawcour, shaking him.

The inanimate senior master did not move.

"They have drugged him," said Mr. Pumbleton.

"They have killed him," chimed in Mr. Stenor.

Mr. Crawcour put his ear to his mouth.

"No!" he exclaimed. "He breathes!"

"Carry him in. It is some trick. I do believe they have made him drunk and tarred and feathered him," said Mr. Pumbleton. This remark did credit to the second master's sagacity.

Mr. Mole was carried in, but it was too late to wash him, though Mr. Stenor suggested that he should be put into a warm bath until the morning. He could not be said to have gone to sleep in his clothes, but he certainly went to sleep in his feathers.

The outrage which had been perpetrated upon Mr. Mole—for so the masters termed the trick which had been played him—exasperated them beyond all measure. In the morning the unhappy man presented a lamentable aspect. He could render no assistance to his comrades, for he was obliged to sit in a warm bath and allow two strong countrymen, whom he had promised half a sovereign apiece, to rub him with soap and lard to get the tar and feathers off his skin.

The others, however, were not idle. Mr. Crawcour was determined to regain possession of his schoolroom. Taking Mr. Pumbleton, Mr. Stenor, M. Bolivant and some of the keenest of the younger boys who were not locked in, he went to the door of the school and attacked it with hatchets, hammers, crowbars and other weapons.

Young Lord Mordenfield was one of the foremost in the attack. The door offered a stubborn resistance. For more than an hour was a shower of blows rained upon it, and large pieces were chipped out of its panels. At last it began to give way. Mr. Crawcour and the others pushed against it, and it swung backward. A loud hurrah broke forth from those outside. Mordenfield was one of the foremost in the attack, and he did not see that a huge press, which had been brought to the front by the besieged, was swaying backward and forward.

"Take care!" cried Mr. Crawcour, springing back.

His example was followed by all but Mordenfield, who tried to rush into the schoolroom. The press fell heavily, crushing the boy underneath it. He uttered a groan and then was still. Every one was awestricken by this terrible occurrence. The rebels hung back, speechless with horror.

"Lend a hand, all of you! This is no time for quarreling!" exclaimed Mr. Pumbleton. "Lord Mordenfield is lying under the press! He may be dying!"

Differences were now forgotten, and those who were a short time before so eager to keep themselves in rushed out, making great efforts to raise the press, which for some time defied their exertions. At length the young lord was extricated. He appeared lifeless, and the blood which issued from his mouth, nose and ears gave him a forbidding aspect, which was increased by the ghastly whiteness of his face.

"Merciful heaven!" cried Mr. Crawcour. "I fear he is dying! I would rather have given a thousand pounds than this should have happened. Misguided boys, see what your thoughtlessness has resulted in!"

Collinson, Stanfield and the other leading boys of the school hung back abashed. Mordenfield was carried to his bedroom, and a doctor was sent for posthaste. No one thought of continuing the barring out. The unfortunate accident which had occurred put an end to all hostilities between masters and boys.

Collinson gave up the key of the padlock, and Mr. Mole's legs, which were by this time dreadfully swollen, were liberated.

The boys walked about the yard in the playground conversing in whispers. When the doctor came, he carefully examined the injured boy. Looking gravely at Mr. Crawcour, he said, "Has he any friends living hereabouts?"

"It is young Lord Mordenfield. His mother lives at Willow Copse Hall, which is about six miles from here," replied the principal.

"Let her be sent for at once." A messenger was promptly dispatched on horseback.

"I do not wish to alarm you unnecessarily," continued the doctor, "but I will not answer for the young gentleman's life. He has received dreadful injuries of an internal nature. Of course all that human skill can do shall be done."

"For heaven's sake, doctor, do your best! My school will be ruined should this accident have a fatal termination," cried Mr. Crawcour in an agony of apprehension.

"I shall exert myself to the utmost; I can say no more."

After doing all that his experience suggested he remained sitting by the bedside, holding the boy's hand in his and carefully noticing the alternations of his pulse.

Mr. Crawcour went downstairs and, seeking Mr. Pumbleton, Mr. Mole still being under the cleaning process, said: "Where is Harkaway? He is the cause of all this. He shall go! He is a curse to the school!"

Mr. Crawcour rushed into the yard, determined to send Harkaway about his business without an instant's delay.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. CRAWCOUR was beside himself with rage. He foresaw in the not very remote distance the probable closing of Pomona House. This would entail wretchedness and beggary upon him, for his pupils would be taken away, and he would have to sell the good will of his school and his furniture for an old song. His treatment of Jack Harkaway would make a sensational paragraph for a newspaper, and the subsequent events would rival it.

He already saw it in print—how the boy was goaded to madness by the tyranny of his master and ran away; how he was brought back after an exciting chase and put in chains; how the other boys, horrified at this cruel, barbarous and unheard of treatment, rose to deliver him. Then would come the barring out, the capture of the senior master, his being chained in the place of the boy victim and his tarring and feathering. The conclusion of the story would be the storming of the barricade and the mortal wounds received by the young Lord Mordenfield. Certain to make a stir was the death of a lord. And the doctor had said that Lord Mordenfield's life was worth little.

Grasping a stick, Mr. Crawcour ran among the astonished boys, seeking Jack. At length he found him. Jack was the center of a group of adoring companions, who regarded him as at once the martyr and the hero of the hour. He began to belabor Jack most unmercifully with his stick, repeating:

"Out of my house! Out of my house!" "Get out of your house," said Jack, running away to escape the flagellation. "You're out of your mind."

Jack fled through the yard gate and got into the road. It was early in the morning of a bright, cold day. The door slammed heavily behind him, and was double locked. Without looking back Jack was trudging manfully along when he heard his name called. Turning round he saw that several of his schoolfellows had mounted the wall, and were waving their caps in the air.

"Goodbye, Jack," they said. "Good luck to you! Goodbye. Goodbye."

Touched by this expression of good will he waved his hand. Jack was not at all sorry to get away from such a place as Pomona House. But he was indignant at the way in which he had been treated. He had no money either, which did not tend to raise his spirits, for he had given all his money to Collinson at the commencement of the barring out to buy provisions. His legs were very much more swollen and inflamed than he had been prepared to admit. A very little walking showed him that he was not capable of going far. A pain arose in each foot, and extended in a short time up both of his legs.

"This is pleasant," said Jack, as he was obliged to sit down by a bank by the roadside. "I'm a nice sort of fellow to run away at present. I wish they had put me right before they kicked me out."

He attempted to start again, but by this time he was in such pain that he could scarcely crawl along. It was with difficulty that he got out of the way of a carriage and pair driven along the road. It was going at a furious rate. But quickly as it passed him, Jack recognized the livery of Lady Mordenfield.

"She is going to see her son," he muttered. "Poor creature! I wonder how she will bear the shock. It is a dreadful affair."

He had uttered the last words aloud and was considerably startled to hear a voice behind him exclaim:

"Who says so, my little man?" "Thinking he knew the voice, he turned quickly round. The person who accosted him was no other than Mr. Bedington, the solitary traveler who had taken Jack's part when pursued by Mr. Mole and Collinson on the memorable occasion of his running away.

"How do you do, sir?" asked Jack, holding out his hand.

"Very well, thank you. And how are you?" said Mr. Bedington.

"I can't say much for myself. My legs hurt me. I had some heavy chains put on them, and the other boys, not liking it, got up a barring out."

"Indeed! And that is why you are on your travels again, I suppose?" "Mr. Crawcour turned me out—expelled me, in fact."

"You are quite pale," said Mr. Bedington. "It is fortunate that I have met you. Where do you intend to go?"

"To London, I think, sir, and seek my friends at Highgate."

"That will be the very best thing you can do. Is the disturbance over at your school?"

"Not yet. The barring out is over, but a heavy press fell upon Lord Mordenfield, who, they say, is dying."

Mr. Bedington started.

"How strangely things come about in this incomprehensible world! Does his mother know it?"

"I saw her carriage pass just now, going at full speed," replied Jack.

"Stay here, and I will procure a fly or some other conveyance, which will take us to the station, and I will put off what engagements I have and accompany you to town. I don't know how it is, but I take a strange interest in you."

"And I, sir, feel as if I could love you as a father," answered Jack.

"You told me, I think, that you never forgot your parents?"

"I have no recollection of them."

"Well, you have lost a father, and I years ago lost a son. But time presses. Expect me here again shortly."

So saying, Mr. Bedington hurried away, leaving Jack to his own reflections.

Mr. Bedington was not long in procuring a fly, which, picking up Jack, drove them to the station at Little Bridge, where they caught a London train, proceeding afterward to Highgate.

Mr. and Mrs. Scratchley were just about sitting down to an early dinner. They were surprised to see Jack, who

was the last person in their thoughts. Emily came running downstairs, having seen Jack get out of the fly from a window. She met him in the hall.

"Dear, dear, Jack!" she cried, throwing her arms round his neck.

"Bless you, my little sweetheart! So you have not forgotten me?" he exclaimed, kissing her.

"Forgotten you! Oh, Jack, how can you?"

"Come inside, Jack. You are just in time for dinner," exclaimed Mr. Scratchley, with rather more than his usual kindness.

Addressing Mr. Bedington, Mr. Scratchley said, "Whom have I the honor of speaking to, sir?"

"My name is Bedington," was the reply.

"And you are—" "A friend of this neglected boy."

"I have got to learn by what right you constitute yourself his protector," Mr. Scratchley rejoined.

"Come where I can speak to you for a short time and do not bandy useless words in the passing," replied Mr. Bedington.

There was something in his visitor's manner which awed Mr. Scratchley, and he led the way into his drawing room.

"Now, sir, I am your humble servant," he said.

Briefly, but clearly, Mr. Bedington related all that had occurred at Pomona House as far as he himself knew.

"The boy can give you the details," he concluded, "and you can now judge whether or not my conduct is consistent with humanity or if I am simply meddlesome and officious."

"I beg to thank you for your behavior in this distressing matter," said Mr. Scratchley, "but at the same time I feel bound to tell you that Jack has always been a mischievous, ungovernable boy."

"Consider his loss in not knowing his parents?"

"Oh, he has told you that, has he?" Mr. Scratchley exclaimed in a tone of annoyance.

"He has."

"Now you are here, may I venture to extend my poor hospitality to you?"

"I shall be most glad," Mr. Bedington replied, with a bow.

"Afterward we can resume this conversation."

"As you please."

They adjourned to the dining room, where a substantial dinner in the shape of a codfish and a leg of mutton awaited them. During the progress of the meal Jack related what had happened to him at Mr. Crawcour's amid many expressions of sympathy from Emily and her mother.

"You must have a doctor to see your ankles," said Mrs. Scratchley.

"The great big brute, to treat you like that! I should like to put him in chains," said Emily.

"He shall not go back!" exclaimed Mr. Scratchley. "I find my confidence in the man was strangely misplaced."

"It is a pity, if you will allow me to say," remarked Mr. Bedington, "that you did not take the trouble sometimes to go and see how the boy was treated."

This was a home thrust, and Mr. Scratchley was judiciously silent, for he had nothing to urge in his defense.

After dinner Jack and Emily retired into the garden to sit together in the arbor, and he again told her all that he had gone through. He met with an attentive listener, and Emily was never tired of saying, "Poor Jack, how ill used you have been!"

Mr. Scratchley brought out some of his old port and a box of cigars, with which he and his visitor managed to pass the time very agreeably.

It seemed that Mr. Bedington had a notion in stopping.

"I should like to adopt a child," he exclaimed.

"Having none of your own, I apprehend?" said Mr. Scratchley.

"I had one, but his whereabouts are a mystery to me. We were separated when he was very young. I have reasons for believing him alive, though."

"That is sad," remarked Mr. Scratchley, helping himself to the generous port.

"Harkaway is a fine lad."

"I can't say much for myself. My legs hurt me. I had some heavy chains put on them, and the other boys, not liking it, got up a barring out."

"Indeed! And that is why you are on your travels again, I suppose?" "Mr. Crawcour turned me out—expelled me, in fact."

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"You told me, I think, that you never forgot your parents?"

"I have no recollection of them."

"Well, you have lost a father, and I years ago lost a son. But time presses. Expect me here again shortly."

the lawyer's office he inquired for Mr. Lucas.

"He will be in directly, sir," answered the clerk.

Mr. Bedington was shown into the solicitor's private room, one side of which was adorned with tin boxes full of papers. Names were written outside them. On one larger than the rest was "Lady Mordenfield," showing that Mr. Lucas was her ladyship's solicitor.

When Mr. Lucas came in, he appeared surprised to behold his visitor.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed. "This is an unexpected pleasure. I heard you were dead. Have you seen her ladyship?"

"Lady Mordenfield and I have met," was the reply.

"It is years since you and I parted in this very room," continued Mr. Lucas, an elderly man, "and I can guess what you want to talk to me about, but I fear I have not time now. I have received a telegram summoning me to Hertfordshire. An accident has happened to young Lord Mordenfield."

"I am aware of it. He is dying."

"Bless me!" exclaimed the solicitor. "It would be odd if I did not, seeing that I have been acquainted with you for twenty years," answered Mr. Lucas.

"And during that period you have acted as my wife's solicitor?"

"I beg your pardon."

"It is useless to pretend ignorance to me," said Mr. Bedington sternly. "I am determined to establish my rights in a court of law if necessary—the rights that a husband has over a wife."

"Oh, I understand, you have contracted an alliance of a matrimonial nature during your residence abroad?"

replied the lawyer, as if a new light struck him.

"You know what I mean," said Mr. Bedington, displaying some irritation.

"My dear sir, allow me to remind you that a lawyer knows nothing until he is told," said the solicitor with a cunning smile.

"Oh, if that is the case I will repeat certain facts for your information. To begin with, you remember my marriage with the present Lady Mordenfield?"

"Yes. She was then a very attractive young lady, whose father objected very much to the alliance," replied Mr. Lucas.

"We were poor. My wife's father advised me to go abroad. I did so, saying that I should send for my wife as soon as I got in a foreign land. I left my wife and infant child. We corresponded, but treachery was at work. She never received my letters, and hers were not allowed to reach me. In the course of time she was told that I was dead. Am I right so far?"

"Perfectly."

"After that fact, as it was falsely called, was forced upon her conviction she was brought into contact with Lord Mordenfield, an old but rich man, and all the influence of her friends was exerted to induce her to marry him. Her previous marriage was kept a secret from the old peer, and her child—my son—was sent away among strangers. His existence has been a profound secret ever since. Of course you as a lawyer know that the marriage of my wife, I being alive, with Lord Mordenfield is no marriage."

"That is so."

"Very well. I have come back to claim my wife and child."

"Have you told Lady Mordenfield this?"

"I have."

"How did she receive the news?"

"She defied me. She told me that if I claimed her as my wife I should never know where the child is. But events seem to go in my favor. If the young Lord Mordenfield dies, as there is every chance of his doing, her love may revert to her first child, and, as I am rich, she may be inclined to give up her rank and live with me, her lawful husband, in the position of a common-law wife."

"You are rich. I am happy to hear it. And now what do you want of me?"

"You know where the boy is."

"How should I?" asked the solicitor, elevating his eyebrows.

"Mr. Scratchley has told me that you deposited the child with him."

"At this shot the lawyer's eyes fell.

"You have seen Scratchley?" he exclaimed. "And—and the boy?"

"Oddly enough," returned Mr. Bedington. "The boy and I have been acquainted for some time, but I was not aware of his relationship to me until a strange feeling for which I could not account induced me to make certain inquiries about him. It will be best for you, Lucas, if you consult your interests in the future, to be frank with me."

"Why so?"

"Because I will proceed against you in the criminal courts for conspiracy."

"On what grounds?"

"For taking the child away and concealing its identity under a false name. You know well enough that John Harkaway is in reality John Bedington, my son."

"You require proof of this," remarked the lawyer.

"Legal proof, yes, though I am morally convinced, and that is why I have sought you out. I am resolved to humble the spirit of the proud woman, his mother, whom, strange to say, I love still. All this time I have cherished her image in my heart, and I am also anxious to do justice to the poor boy who shall have a bright future to make up for his wretched past."

"Where is Jack now?"

"At Mr. Scratchley's," answered Mr. Lucas. "On the understanding that I continue solicitor to the parties interested in this strange romance I will meet you half way. I admit that Jack Harkaway is Jack Bedington and the son of the so-called Lady Mordenfield and yourself."

"You will repeat this?"

"Whenever and wherever you like."

"A thousand thanks," exclaimed Mr. Bedington. "With such an ally I shall soon bring her ladyship to reason."

"Dear me!" he exclaimed. "This is an unexpected pleasure. I heard you were dead. Have you seen her ladyship?"

"Lady Mordenfield and I have met," was the reply.

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